

Collier's

FICTION NUMBER

FEBRUARY

1904 •



The Story-Book

36 PAGES

PRICE 10 CENTS



In the eyes of the Chauffeur

is the most satisfactory Automobile made for every day service. The two cylinder (opposed) motor gives eight actual horse power, and eliminates the vibration so noticeable in other machines. The body is luxurious and comfortable and can be removed from the Chassis by loosening six bolts.

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As a Runabout \$800.00

Standard equipment includes three inch heavy double tube tires.

We agree to assume all responsibility in any action the TRUST may take regarding alleged infringement of the Selden Patent to prevent you from buying the FORD—"The Car of Satisfaction."

We Hold the World's Record

The Ford "999" (the fastest machine in the world) driven by Mr. Ford made a mile in 39 2-5 seconds; equal to 92 miles an hour

Write for illustrated catalogue and name of our nearest agent.

FORD MOTOR CO.

Detroit, Mich.

Crestmobile



1904

Model D

\$900⁰⁰

For Four Persons

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For Two Persons

Various other models from \$650 to \$1250
Delivery Wagons, Runabouts, Touring Cars.

ALL OF CREST QUALITY

Low in price and cost of maintenance. The successful product of one of the largest and oldest manufacturers. 8 H. P. to less than 1,000 pounds weight of vehicle. Simplicity of control and adjustment acknowledged unequalled. Shaft drive (no chains). Slightest possible vibration. Perfect working air-cooled gasoline motor. Beautiful design, workmanship and finish. Thoroughly demonstrated reliability, strength and durability. A car that is economical, easy to run, comfortable to ride in and of luxurious appearance. Send for catalogue to Dept. K.

CREST MANUFACTURING CO., Cambridge, Mass.

POMMERY

The Standard for
Champagne

QUALITY

The World Over

IT'S THE MEN WHO ARE MOST ACCUSTOMED TO DRINK CHAMPAGNE WHO TRULY APPRECIATE THE EXQUISITE FLAVOR WHICH IS ONE OF THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF POMMERY.



This half-tone reproduction of "Autumn Riches" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

The four Season Plaques (containing no advertising) and the Calendar Plaque make beautiful and artistic decorations.

The Anheuser-Busch Art Plaques

With Calendar Plaque for 1904

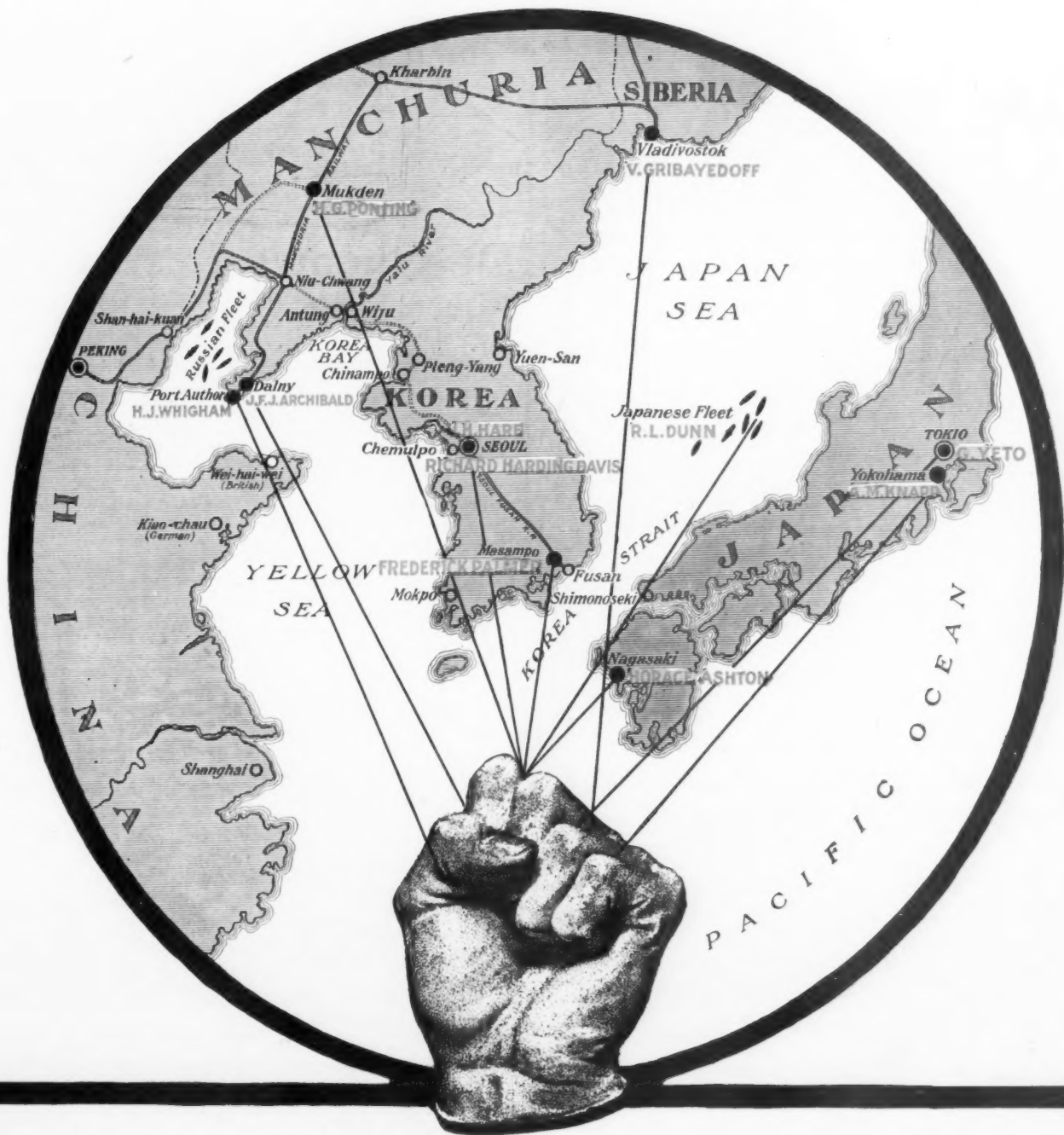
At great expense, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n has secured from the brush of the celebrated color artist, A. Von Leest, a series of magnificent oil paintings, representing the artist's conception of the four seasons. These are reproduced with splendid fidelity as to detail and coloring, in the form of four plaques, "Spring Breeze," "Summer Flowers," "Autumn Riches," "Winter Winds," and an additional plaque containing the twelve monthly calendars for 1904. The five plaques are each 12 inches in diameter, lithographed in the highest style of art, fourteen printings on finest ivory china-finished cardboard, with relief embossing, giving the effect of hammered metal rims.

The five plaques will be mailed to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents or the tops of twelve metal caps from Malt-Nutrine bottles sent to Malt-Nutrine Dept., Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Malt-Nutrine

A food in liquid form easily assimilated by the weakest stomach. Invaluable to nursing mothers and feeble children. Gives appetite, health and vigor to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.

WAR HAS BEGUN!



THIS MAP SHOWS

where Collier's correspondents and photographers are stationed in the Far East. They are so distributed as to cover every event of importance that may happen in the great conflict just beginning. This war is one whose importance in the history of the world can not be overestimated. It is the battle of democracy and progressiveness against despotism and duplicity. Every onlooking nation must be affected by the result,—America beyond any. Realizing this significance deeper than the mere clash of armies, Collier's has gathered and sent to the front the foremost correspondents and ablest photographers of the day. In reporting the progress of this war Collier's will set a new standard of weekly journalism, challenging the great daily with its exclusive cable service, the English weekly with its pictorial supplements, the American magazine with its authoritative letters and descriptions from the field.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

A system representing the highest standard of advertising instruction in the world

On Thursday, October 29th, 1903, the United States attorney of middle Pennsylvania qualified Edward T. Page as an expert to give in the U. S. Court his opinion on matters pertaining to instruction by correspondence of advertisement writing. No man has before or since had this high honor bestowed upon him. It is only natural that the founder of the first school of advertisement writing in the world should be chosen as the recipient of this honor. If you study advertisement writing with the Page-Davis Company, you may be certain that failure to qualify will come about only through a lack of natural qualifications. Could an institution offer more positive assurance to a man or woman of common sense?

As the salary received by each of our students is a personal affair we believe it is proper to give only an approximate figure.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in San Francisco, Cal., is now earning \$35.00 per week, former salary, \$14.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Grand Rapids, Mich., is now earning \$40.00 per week, former salary, \$18.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Detroit, Mich., is now earning \$35.00 per week, former salary, \$12.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in San Antonio, Texas, is now earning \$4,000 per year, former salary, \$400.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in New York City, is now earning \$6,000 per year, former salary, \$2,000.

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A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Keosauqua, Ill., is now earning \$35.00 per week, former salary, \$15.00.

Not only a help in your present position, but helps you to a better position

Learn from the oldest, biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. Learn from the founders themselves.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you? When we say, we can positively teach you advertisement writing by mail and let you to earn from \$25 to \$100 per week we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Philadelphia, Pa., is now earning \$25.00 per week, former salary, \$15.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Chicago, Ill., is now earning \$5,000 per year, former salary, \$950.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Indianapolis, Ind., is now earning \$25.00 per week, former salary, \$7.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Wilmington, N. C., is now earning \$40.00 per week, former salary, \$12.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Stoughton, Pa., is now earning \$35.00 per week, former salary, \$11.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Denver, Colo., is now earning \$25.00 per week, former salary, \$11.00.

A PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE in Bridgeport, Conn., is now earning \$25.00 per week, former salary, \$10.00.

It is a source of satisfaction to know that you are in good company, and that you are not associated with men who have been led to take up the study by promises, which from their very nature denote the susceptible character and weak mental calibre of the people who accept them as reasonable. They are your equals—not your inferiors.

We shall be glad to have you ask us what has the PAGE-DAVIS Co. done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.

Address Either Office:

Suite 19—90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or Suite 1519—150 Nassau Street, New York City

YES

There are other railroads between the east and the west.

BUT

it is always well to secure the best you can for the money.

THEREFORE

You should bear in mind this remark of an experienced traveler:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

Send to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, a 2-cent stamp for a 52-page illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series."



The Sick One Decides

Not the druggist.
Not I.

He sends not one penny.
Simply asks for my book.
And if helped pays the cost
of the medicine—gladly.

Will you write me today?
Let me tell you the name
of a druggist near by, so
that you may take
six bottles of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

On a month's trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me.

Think What This Means

You may be discouraged, almost without hope. Even then I take the risk—not you.

I furnish the treatment, give you my best advice, answer all your letters. If I succeed the cost is only \$5.50. If I fail, my efforts and my medicine are free.

Can't you see that I must know how to cure? Else this offer would be impossible.

Come to my office. Consult my records. Learn that 39 out of each 40 who take my Restorative pay for the medicine. They need not if it failed.

Read letters like this:

"I was suffering with nervous debility, biliousness and a run down constitution. Your Restorative restored my health and I now feel as I did when I was in my teens, going to school, although I am now past my 60th birthday. I shall always keep a bottle of Dr. Shoop's Restorative in the house, as it has been worth many times the cost to me." S. A. Jones, Anvil, Okla.

And this:

"Dr. Shoop's Restorative has done me more good than all the medicine I have ever taken. I am using it for Catarrh of the head and nervous debility. My wife is also using the Restorative for indigestion, with good results. I am talking my friends into using your remedy." J. J. McDonald, Palos, Ala.

And this:

"I had not eaten breakfast in the morning for over 20 years until I took your Restorative. It appears that it is not only a Kidney medicine, but equally good for the Stomach. I am recommending it to my fellow Railroad Men, for I feel that Dr. Shoop's Restorative can cure any Kidney disease that is curable. I will gladly write to any of your patients and tell them how it restored me to health." M. J. Mannix, 46 Thomas St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Isn't this evidence enough?

Tell Your Friend Who Is Sick

Tell him of my discovery. How I alone treat the inside nerves. Not the nerves you feel with, the nerves you know about, but the inside nerves that operate the vital organs—that give them strength and power and health.

Other physicians, other specialists even, are still treating the organs themselves—mere repairing. That is why no other physician—not even your home physician—makes terms to you like mine.

Tell your friend today, for my way may be his only way to get well. And every hour that you wait adds an hour to his suffering. The medicine cannot harm him. If it fails he, at least, is as well as he was. And not one penny poorer. There's no excuse—no reason for delaying.

The book I send him is clear. Almost any sick one who reads it will know that he can get well. Your friend may never see the book unless you write me.

Ask for it today.

Were you the sick one, he would have written before this. Be as good a friend to him as he would be to you. Write me today.

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 6497, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia
Book 2 on the Heart
Book 3 on the Kidneys
Book 4 for Women
Book 5 for Men (sealed)
Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

Columbia AUTOMOBILES

are honestly rated as to power and performance. The new **Columbia Gasoline Cars** of 30-35 and 12-14 horse-power, respectively, combine the best attributes of foreign-designed cars with the most advanced work of leading American automobile engineers and vehicle builders. Each is the lightest car of equal power made.

A Catalogue of the COLUMBIAS, including our Electric Pleasure Vehicles, will be sent on request.

Also separate Catalogue of our ELECTRIC TOWN CARRIAGES of the coach class and ELECTRIC COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

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Hartford, Conn.
Member Auto's Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

New York Salesrooms:
134, 136, 138 West 39th St
Opp. Metropolitan Opera House.
Racine: 74, 76, 78 Stanhope St.
CHICAGO: 1412 Michigan Ave.

Columbia Touring Car Mark XLIII
30-35 Horse-Power
\$4000

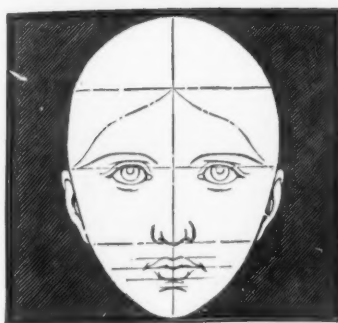
Proofs of Gibson Drawings



THE continued demand for proofs of the full-page and double-page drawings by famous artists that appear in COLLIER'S has led us to strike off from the original plates a number of proofs on heavy plate paper. These are printed with the greatest care, and when framed present a very handsome appearance. Mailed securely in heavy tubes for **Two Dollars each**. Address—

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PROOF DEPT., Collier's Weekly, 416 West 13th Street, New York



"How to Illustrate"

A Self-Instructing Book

It is splendidly illustrated. The instruction is thorough, practical, complete, unabridged. It is emphatically not a cut-price substitute for higher priced methods.

Written by Charles Hope Provost, artist contributor to *Life*, *Scribner's Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Herald*, *World*, *Evening World*, *Evening Journal*, *Inside's Magazine*, etc., teacher of 4,000 people by mail, originator of correspondence art instruction.

CONTENTS.

TECHNIQUE—Working with pen, brush (oil and water color), pastel, gouache and conte crayon, lead pencil, carbon pencil, scratch paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treating zig-zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines, double cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Delineation drawings. Tracing and copying photographs. What materials to use, including papers, canvases, and Bristol boards. Tools and how to handle them. Drawing from nature, including landscape, flowers, animals, figures, portraits, etc. Drawing from memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc. Color—primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. How to mix different shades, etc. Aesthetic Anatomy—The bones and muscles as applied to pictorial work. Lettering—Copying and originating. Roman, black, old English and script styles shown. Elementary, historic, and geometric ornament. Conventionalization of flowers, ornamental composition, pictorial composition (including form and color arrangement and balance), fashion work, caricaturing, cartooning. **FACIAL EXPRESSIONS**—Sorrow, joy, anger, fear, contempt, laughter. Aerial and linear perspective. **BUSINESS DETAILS**—How to sell pictures, how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, lists of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or express, etc. etc. Explanations of various engraving and reproductive processes.

"How to Illustrate" sent prepaid to any address in the world for \$1.00. (Limp Covers.)

A more handsomely bound edition in stiff covers, \$1.50 prepaid, sent today, as this offer may be withdrawn at any time, or sent by free descriptive circular.

THE ART OF CARICATURE

A handy book complete in itself on this subject, and containing specimens and explanations of all kinds of caricature from the simple work of the student to the finished drawings of the best artists. Prepared by a professional artist of twenty years' experience. Nineteen pages of diagrams and illustrations. A 15-page supplement sent with this book is alone worth the price of the book.

Price 50 cents a copy, postpaid

or by combining with order for "How to Illustrate" may be had for 75 cents.

BROWN PUBLISHING CO.

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Remit by express, P. O. money order or registered letter.

RHEUMATISM

Tartar lithine

gives better results than any other remedy for Rheumatism. The promptness of its action is in many cases astonishing. Does not affect the heart nor irritate the stomach.

Prescribed and endorsed by the leading physicians of the country.

Ask Your Doctor About It

Free sample and our booklet on the cure of Rheumatism sent on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS
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Thru car service from New York and Boston to Erie, Cleveland, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, in connection with D. L. & W. and W. S. R. R. Close connections to points all thru the West.

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N. Y., New York, N. Y., Ohio.



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We build strong, durable, Wrought Iron and Wire Fences in order for Farms, Parks, Farms, Cemeteries, Etc. 50 Designs. Write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

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373 South Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and
The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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New York, Saturday, February 13, 1904

FEBRUARY FICTION NUMBER

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COLLIER'S FICTION NUMBERS

¶ The present issue marks a new departure in weekly journalism. It is the first of the FICTION NUMBERS, which COLLIER'S will publish the middle of every month. ¶ The great success of the HOUSEHOLD NUMBERS has induced us to start this new series, each one of which, as the name implies, will be full of stories,—good stories, the very best stories that are to be had. We have been preparing for this innovation for a long while, and we have succeeded in gathering a truly notable collection of short fiction. ¶ Look at the list of the contents of this number as set forth above. In quality it surpasses that of any monthly magazine; in quantity it equals the fiction offered by the monthly publications. ¶ Succeeding numbers will be fully up to the standard of this initial issue. Not only have we secured stories by the leading writers of England and America, such as Richard Harding Davis, Thomas Nelson Page, Rudyard Kipling, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Laurence Housman, John Fox, Jr., Arthur Coslett Smith, and a host of others, but we have gathered from younger and as yet unknown authors a collection of short stories of really notable excellence. ¶ And in order to further promote the production of good fiction, and to secure it for the benefit of COLLIER'S readers, we are inaugurating a prize competition, the full announcement of which will be made next week. Read this announcement, and, if you can write a story, take part in the contest. No good story will be allowed to go unrewarded. ¶ COLLIER'S surpasses all preceding short-story competitions by offering

\$5,000

FOR ONE SHORT STORY

The next FICTION NUMBER of COLLIER'S will be dated March 12.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of COLLIER'S will reach any new subscriber. All subscriptions commence with the date of the first copy received.

Pope Manufacturing Co. Famous Chainless Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame.

All Standard Chain Models

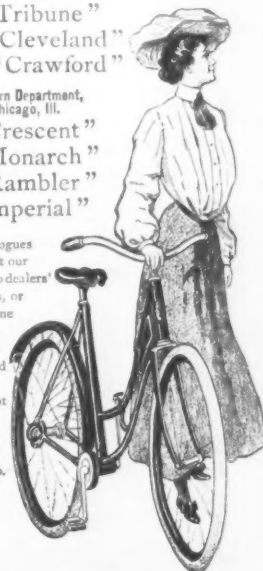
Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.

"Columbia"
"Tribune"
"Cleveland"
"Crawford"

Western Department,
Chicago, Ill.

"Crescent"
"Monarch"
"Rambler"
"Imperial"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.



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SAINT LOUIS

A Revelation

In size, magnificence and beauty, the St. Louis World's Fair will surpass any previous Exposition. To see it as it will be, get the Katy Album. Views of all principal buildings reproduced in color in the lithographer's highest art. The leaves, 6x10, are loosely bound and may be framed. Send 25c to "Katy," Box 7911, St. Louis, Mo.

The Katy Flyer, the crack train of the St. L. & T. Ry.—between St. Louis, Oklahoma, Texas and Old Mexico.

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Binder, fitted with patent clasps. Will hold fifty-two numbers of the paper.

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We have made plenty of money in the poultry business and have grown from year to year until our Hillbrook Farm is now the largest pure bred poultry establishment in the country. Our new year book "Poultry for Profit" will start you right. All about breeding, feeding, etc. Cuts of fowls with prices, eggs in season. Book has cost too much money and experience to be given away, but we mail it for 10 cents.

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They go wherever you see them.*

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Five years ago we foresaw an enormous demand for a reliable motor car to sell at a price within the reach of the average income. We built the

Oldsmobile

Price \$650

and it is now the Standard Runabout of the world. Today there are over 20000 Oldsmobiles in actual service.

For full information regarding our complete line, including the Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, \$750, and Oldsmobile Light Delivery Wagon, \$850, see our nearest selling agent, or write direct. A captivating story, "GOLDEN GATE TO HELL GATE," sent free on request to Dept. R.

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Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



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For Physicians
CLEAN
NOISELESS
ALWAYS READY



Does the work of two
horses at much
less cost
Works perfectly
in any weather

Physician's Road Wagon. Price \$1,050

We also make Runabouts, Surreys, Stanhopes, Chelseas, Station and Delivery Wagons. Two models equipped with Edison Battery.

1904 Catalogue and name of our agent in your market on request.

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"The Quiet Mile-a-minute Cars"



"Pope"

Excel all others in
Greater horsepower for weight.
Ease of control.
Quietness of engines.
Speed.

24 H. P. 4 Cylinders. Price \$3,500
14 H. P. 2 Cylinders. Price \$2,000

Write for 1904 Catalogue and name of agent nearest you.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO. 3050 Central Ave. TOLEDO, OHIO

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The Delineator

For MARCH (Out Feb. 15)

"1830" Styles

are shown in all their beauty in
the MARCH DELINEATOR

EVERY DETAIL DESCRIBED AND
ILLUSTRATED BY EXPERTS

Sixty Designs for Spring

Letters on Paris, London and
New York Fashions;
New Dress Materials and
Trimmings;
Spring Millinery; Dressmaking



Literary Features:

- THE SHADOW OF THE ROSE (a Prose Fancy)
Drawings by Celeste S. Griswold RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
- THE SON OF A SHARK GOD (a Story)
Illustrated by C. E. Emerson, Jr. ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD
- THE EVOLUTION OF A CLUB WOMAN (Serial)
Illustrated by A. I. Keller AGNES SURBRIDGE
- A VISIT TO MELBA (Prima Donna Series)
With Exclusive Photographs LIONEL S. MAPLESON
- THE JOY OF LIVING LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH
- STORIES, ETC., FOR CHILDREN (*Illustrated*)
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, GABRIELLE E. JACKSON, and others
- NEW PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR CHILDREN (*Illustrated*)
M. WILMA SULLIVAN

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Strikingly Illustrated By GRACE PECKHAM MURRAY, M.D.
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WIVES

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COLLIER'S

FEBRUARY FICTION NUMBER



MY VALENTINE

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



SENATOR FORAKER'S PROPOSAL to amend the SHERMAN Act, coming at a time when Mr. BRYAN is endeavoring to hold the Democratic extremists together, gives a new turn to the political situation. Mr. BRYAN's stubbornness about free silver is undoubtedly a politician's device, which he thinks necessary to his grasp of his composite party throughout the country, but especially in Nebraska, from which State he probably intends to occupy a place in the United States Senate. Unable, on account of his past, to be a leader of traditional liberal Democracy, he will naturally, even if only from self-interest, struggle for the existence of a party which he can control. The Democrats, therefore, have the difficult task of choosing between or reconciling these two hostile wings. The Presidential branch of the Republican party, as far as it is represented by the ROOSEVELT leader in Ohio, apparently intended to take the wind out of the opposition movement represented by Senator HANNA. Senator FORAKER's proposed amendment would put the law into a state much more satisfactory to Wall Street, and also to conservative business throughout the country, and much less satisfactory to the large body of Socialists and extreme Democrats whom Mr. ROOSEVELT has been detaching from their allegiance, to which they are always likely to return. The result of this new move, therefore, is to strengthen the BRYAN wing of the Democrats, in spite of the Attorney-General's disavowal, and to increase the probability of a struggle along the lines of 1896 and 1900, instead of along the lines of 1884, 1888, and 1892. Regulation of monopoly is now more likely to be the issue—tariff reform, with incidental regulation, less likely. The Supreme Court of the United States is expected to affirm the Northern Securities decision, and the FORAKER hint will lessen the emotional effect of that affirmation. We are inclined to doubt whether the people wish to have the courts judge what combinations are unjust. On the other hand, the SHERMAN Act is undoubtedly too stringent to meet the views of the rational majority. Unhappily, there is no middle way. Congress has no means of defining what combination in restraint of trade would be unreasonable. Each must be judged upon its merits. Either, therefore, all must be condemned, or the courts must give the decision in each new instance. A dark aspect of the situation is the temptation to appoint Supreme Court Judges for their general political and sociological opinions.

SHIFTING
ISSUES

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER in the House gives us real joy.

What American politician since LINCOLN has had a more felicitous method of expressing his opinions? Mr. WILLIAMS has a good head, and his thoughts are seasoned with spicy humor of a strictly American brand. Seriousness and fun are delightfully allied. Arguing against the resurrection of the currency question, in favor of the theory that issues are made by conditions and environment, he observed: "In 1896 the Democratic party stood for bimetalism, and so far as the question of ratio is concerned, I believe God, in His wisdom, fixed for silver and gold the same law that rules with respect to the price of cotton, or corn, a ballet dancer, or an opera singer—the law of supply and demand." He added, with rare and charming frankness and good-humor, that the more he read of history the more he

HERE'S TO
MR. WILLIAMS

believed the Confederate States were right in their interpretation of the Constitution—which was no reason for fighting the Civil War again, or brooding over a difference which had become obsolete. His closer arguments are admirable for cogency and clearness, but what gives them their charm is the infusion of such illustrations as he made the other day in debate: "The claim that the Republican party is responsible for the prosperity, which the gentleman leaves to be inferred, reminds me of an old LINCOLN story. A woodpecker sat on the top of a tree, and he pecked and pecked and pecked, until a strong wind came along and blew the tree and the woodpecker to the ground. That woodpecker believes to this day he pecked the tree down." He is not a pitiless story-teller. On the contrary, his humor and his anecdotes come in only to support the position which he has assumed, and we have not noticed any instance of mere jesting apart from the purposes for which legislatures are assembled.

HERBERT SPENCER'S OPINION about the problems confronting Japan has been proved to be as valuable, and as valueless, as the opinion of an ordinary mortal in the street. Man remains little man, even when he is a world-famous philosopher. His thoughts come out by the same door wherein they go. And it may be doubted whether the habit of vast, transcending speculation is favorable to exactness of conclusion, when realities are to

be debated. Mr. SPENCER's philosophy was once described by an unsympathetic reader as follows: "If I draw a straight line through the universe, what does not lie on one side of it will lie on the other. The allegation is true, but not illuminating." Mr. SPENCER was very much interested in the attitude of Japan toward the Western World, and he advised her strongly about the way to treat it. His advice was the opposite of what she has done, and was much like the course adopted by China. Privileges to foreigners, he argued, to hold land, or lease it, or work mines, or take part in the coasting trade, or in any way gain a footing, would lead to aggression, and ultimately to subjugation. China shows the results of trying vainly to keep foreigners out. Japan shows the results of taking part frankly in the modern game. Mr. SPENCER wrote as late as 1892, with a sufficient opportunity to know what the Japanese were like, and yet he drew his analogies from India. He also plunged into biology, and urged them to forbid marriage with Europeans or Americans, using as his arguments different breeds of cattle, half-breed Indians, and the Eurasians in India. The philosopher may be interested in comparing things as incommensurable as the degree of difference between a Black Spanish hen and a Cochon China rooster, on the one hand, and the degree of difference between an American and a Japanese, on the other, but the ordinary man will be content to think with less sweep and more relevance. We should be glad, however, to hear, apropos of Japan, the opinion of the new professor of poultry-raising at one of our Western universities. Let him give us great thoughts on intermarriage, race suicide, barnyard reform, and the relation of poetry to the size and price of winter eggs.

PHILOSOPHIC
GUESS-WORK

CULTIVATED CHINA takes a view of current incidents which is very persuasive to persons who are tempted to apply moral standards to international affairs. The doctrine of CONFUCIUS includes reliance upon justice rather than upon force, and China is deeply imbued with the doctrine of CONFUCIUS. When the Western powers began to worry her, her mandarins, or men of scholarship, began to study international law. They found in it no justification for much that had happened. Germany sent missionaries, who bought land, sold by the individual without the consent of the clan, which in Chinese law is precisely equivalent to our law in reference to the sale of stolen goods. The Germans refused to accept the law of the country and insisted upon retaining their stolen goods. Then came murder and Germany's opportunity to seize territory and a port. The cultivated Chinaman, in puzzling about the new conditions, tries to see why we object to Russia's claiming control of Manchuria for her railway, while we are controlling the Isthmus for our canal. He remembers not only that the opium traffic was forced upon China by England, but that that traffic is still maintained. He knows that China is a trading nation, but wonders if hand-made beauty in articles of commerce need, by any divine law, be killed by the onslaught of machinery. He naturally compares the Dingley tariff and the Chinese Exclusion Act with the open door. He knows that we are entirely ignorant of his literature, except his bible, and that we are taught in our early education to think of him as a person who builds a wall around his country and eats rats. He can no longer turn away in silent scorn, and is beginning to organize, and to learn from the opposite policy of the Japanese, confident that they intend to remain truly Oriental in spiritual standpoint, while using the Westerners to teach them all the tricks of temporal power. He is sad to be forced into such a sordid struggle, but he sees the necessity now of fighting and scheming for the privilege of retaining the essence of what he has, through centuries of culture, believed to be beautiful and true.

AS CHINA
SEES IT

FOR REAL UNDERSTANDING of China we earnestly advise all who may to seize the opportunity of learning from a Chinese woman who is now in this country, not at all as a propagandist, but as an observer and a scholar. It can do us no harm to receive light from another civilization, even if we believe that it is doomed, by the play of world forces, to be extinguished. One of our consuls to China gave it as his opinion that YAMEI KIN had more knowledge and brains than any woman who had arisen in that country since the days of a Chinese ASPASIA of nine centuries ago. She represents not only rare intellect and knowledge, but that exquisite breeding of the East before which we Westerners sometimes feel ourselves ashamed, so that altogether she sums up in herself the meaning of Asiatic culture, which her education makes it possible for her to transmit to foreigners. What she says, in her quiet talks in private houses,

YAMEI KIN



and occasionally in small halls, about her country, its social divisions, mental environment, literature, history, religion, art, and family life, has no explicit political bearing, but it does more to make a Westerner understand the spiritual life of China than anything else we have been able to obtain. YAMEI KIN's comprehension of Western character and events is profound, and, added to her natural brilliancy, makes her an ideal interpreter of one civilization to another which now menaces its existence.

DOC AMES, OF MINNEAPOLIS, the Mayor who has been on trial for boodling, has had at least a temporary escape through the quashing of an indictment by the Supreme Court of Minnesota. Coming after the Missouri cases, this decision will not receive a hearty national welcome. The Court differs on the grounds for reversal. The majority and minority admit evidence of guilt. Naturally, to the lay mind, it seems strange that if a man is deemed unmistakably guilty he is so likely to escape, when politics are involved, by technical deficiencies in indictment. Very possibly the Minneapolis Court was moved entirely by love of justice and respect for law. We are in no position to imply the contrary, and certainly have no desire to do so. There is no doubt, however, that our criminal jurisprudence is not a credit to the country.

WEAKNESS OF JUSTICE

The procedure itself is inferior to the English, the judges are less learned and less disinterested, and the first of these conditions depends to a large extent upon the other. One of our correspondents, especially well informed about inside politics, but without knowledge of the law, speaks of "the uniform defences by the courts of our system of corruption." Another remarks that any one of our editorials on the Missouri cases "would constitute a very heinous contempt under the present laws of Missouri," but he submits that it is of no importance what the Court thinks, adding, "I know the Court." On the AMES case a Western business man writes: "It seems as if it were utterly impossible to convict a man who has political backing, and so other officials of our State and municipal governments are encouraged to persist in their pernicious grafting." The fundamental blame belongs upon the voters who accept the boss system and care more for party names than for purity of character.

ETIQUETTE IN WASHINGTON creates some talk just now; nothing, however, in comparison to the furious debates which shook the nation when WASHINGTON was President. In those days details of dress and precedence were the cause of as much passion as filled stern men divided about republicanism and monarchy. The number of horses driven by JOHN ADAMS, the order in which the President seated guests at dinner, the epithet "lady," applied to Mrs. WASHINGTON, the philosophy of receiving and paying visits—all these were matters of great pith and moment. The social fuss which the newspapers are able to glean from the Capitol at present is paltry in comparison. Shall White House servants wear uniforms? Yes, or no, but who cares with that violence

POMP AND CEREMONY

which marked the earlier stages of society disputes? If Mr. Root is escorted by cavalry to his train, the sarcasm vented by men and papers of Democratic feeling is faint compared to what went on in the first three administrations. Justices of the Supreme Court may smart because, at a reception in honor of the Judiciary, the master of ceremonies compelled them to march behind members of the diplomatic corps. They may even take "deep umbrage," as the accounts express it. We hardly think, however, that any of them take the situation with the seriousness which marked such calamities a century and more ago. LINCOLN's way of taking these things is the American ideal, and a LINCOLN would have been impossible when the Republic was making its first social flourishes.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS MOST, perhaps, of any of our writers, about certain important social problems, has lately put into print a suggestion often made in private. Mr. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS thinks the best cure for commercial and political dishonesty is social punishment. He speaks with admiration of the man who cut a wealthy corruptionist in a club, and advises the community in general to follow his example. Instead of turning the marble heart upon persons guilty of irregularities which form no real menace here and now, let us, contends Mr. Brooks, refuse to know the wealthy potentate who buys legislatures or waters stock. Two difficulties occur to us, at present, with this scheme, the lesser being that all the rich people who trifle with the right in order to make money, or to avoid spending it, are sufficient to form a brilliant, or at least flashy, society of fashion without help from those

who are morally more particular. That, however, is merely an obstacle, and might, with time, be overcome. Much more puzzling is a difficulty which lies at the very centre of the remedy itself. We can not altogether forget that anecdote which carries a moral about casting the first stone. We may regret, very bitterly, that Mr. Standard Oil or Mr. Sugar Trust chooses such methods to increase his fortune, but who are we, each with his own brand of sin, to do the Pharisee act against him? Perhaps we also have need of tolerance, having smuggled something through the Custom House, or been selfish to the needy, or deceived the trustful, or neglected our parents or our children, or been worldly instead of generous, or in some way been cruel, neglectful, or untrustworthy toward some human being, or toward the public. There, for an honest and charitable mind, is the prime deterrent to such a scheme as Mr. BROOKS proposes. He may answer that as, in spite of this basic difficulty, society is constantly punishing individuals, it ought to punish those who are doing the greatest harm, rather than less prosperous wretches; and doubtless this answer would be a wise one. It would not, however, make the typical open-natured American free of shrinking from what looks like self-righteous judgment of our fellows.

PEOPLE WE OSTRACIZE

OUR GOOD NATURE and dislike of solemn protest is, as much as any other cause, at the root of the disorder and danger in our streets and on our railways. If the uncriminal portion of Chicago, for instance, were suddenly to be infused with a British instead of an American spirit, the city, instead of being as dangerous as a frontier town, would be orderly in a month. The American dislikes to "make a fuss," an occupation which to the Englishman is almost an enjoyment. Even in our own cities, if you find a citizen compelling a policeman or a conductor to enforce some ordinance, or speaking himself to the infringer, the chance is excellent that the virtuous interferer is an imported resident. Our ideas of individual liberty enforce our good-humored indifference to abuses. When strikers are allowed to go so much further here than they would be allowed to go in England, it is partly because we wish to be extremely sure that the liberty of protest is not too much restricted, as well as partly because we have so little virtuous indignation and strong love of order in detail. We are not intensely serious about life or safety. If an automobile kills an innocent wanderer by the wayside, our horror and disapproval are lightened by some instinctive wonder whether the world is worse with that one unit less, and whether, also, we might not ride as fast if the automobile were ours. It takes something as terrible as the Iroquois disaster to stir our emotions to the point of remedy, and, even with that signal horror in remembrance, is it likely that there will be public feeling enough to see that the new buildings with which St. Louis will help to shelter her Exposition guests are put up according to the letter of the building ordinances?

MAKING A FUSS

VAST THOUGHTS HAVE ISSUED from the brain of President HARPER, of Chicago University. The secret of life is discussed at this institution once or twice a year, and sometimes we are instructed to bathe bi-annually. Now comes the President with information about the ideal professor, who is a creature of most definite characteristics in the President's mind. First of all, he must be married. We presume President HARPER is a Benedict. We are married ourselves. Therefore we can understand why this rule comes first in the construction of an ideal professor, editorial writer, lawyer, actor, or anything else. But when Mr. HARPER leaves this secure, conservative ground, and proceeds to detail, credulity in us gives place to doubt. When he lays down Church membership as a qualification we scurry away from the question as dangerous ground, not easy to debate, but when he declares that the professor should work hard eleven months in the year we spring into active revolt. The most inspiring teacher is not a drudge. The best teachers we have known enjoy vastly their long summer change. They are not cranks. They are men of broad interests and varied culture. They continue to grow, and they are inspiring. A teacher is not a machine, but a man. By trying to get too much work out of him you accomplish your object little more successfully than if you tried the forcing process on an author or a painter. One of the least pleasant results of the lust for numbers in our universities is the desire to squeeze every possible drop of work out of the professors. After a while some college will begin to be original by dropping out of the race for size, and, under the guidance of a strong and informing spirit as President, seeking quality, will let quantity take care of itself.

BY A COLLEGE PRESIDENT



SEVEN DAYS

THE STORY OF THE WEEK



ON THE EVE OF WAR IN JAPAN

By ARTHUR MAY KNAPP, Special Correspondent for Collier's at Yokohama

YOKOHAMA, January 12, 1904

NEITHER in peace nor in war is Japan like other nations. Never were a people so full of feeling as are the Japanese to-day, and yet never could a stranger detect the slightest evidence of any public demonstration of war sentiment. To them patriotism is a religion and a religion so deep that it gives no outward sign. Seldom has a nation of forty-five millions been so animated by one thought or so united and eager for action, and yet so apparently unmoved. There are no clamoring crowds about the bulletin boards, nor do cheers attend the regiments as they start on their way from their home towns. There is absolutely none of the pomp and circumstance of war, and yet war is in every one's thought. In exceeding quiet Japan is preparing, is, indeed, already amply prepared, for the fray, and yet is making no fuss about it. Tokio streets are full of soldiers, but the only signs that war impends are the crowded photographers' shops and the parting groups at the railway stations who are bidding their friends a joyful farewell, with never a tear upon one of their faces. Japan is keeping its pent-up feeling to show it when the time for it comes, and that will be when the bullets are flying.

As with the people, so with the Government. History will show that seldom have rulers been so calm and reticent in their bearing, or so moderate in their demands under such exasperating aggravations as those they are receiving from their giant foe. But when they speak it will be with no uncertain sound. Japan's history since she emerged into modern life has been a series of surprises to the Western world. In the struggle which impends, all these will be surpassed by the swiftness and effectiveness with which she will strike her initial blows. Everything is ready down to the smallest detail, and when she moves it will be with startling celerity. She can put into the field an army of half a million of trained soldiers, her military system being patterned after that of Germany, and there is not one of the half million who does not look forward with joy to the chance of dying for his Emperor.

The standing army numbers about one hundred and sixty thousand. After these come the first and second reserves, all of whom have served with the colors. Then there is the great body of policemen, the smallest village not being without members of the force, the

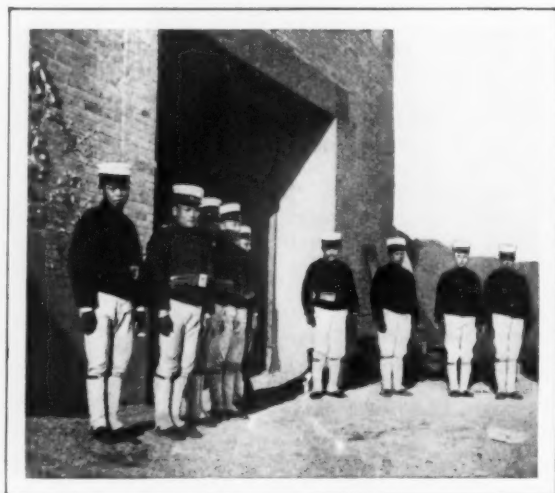
whole of which is under strict military organization. Furthermore, there is a vast body of young men who have received their training in the numberless military schools of the Empire. All these are available before a single man is drawn from the population as such. From this it is plain that the nation is not handicapped, as is America in such an emergency, by the necessity of drilling raw troops.

In an even higher state of efficiency is the navy, which in quality ranks with the best in the world. No more inspiring or significant spectacle ever greeted my eyes than that at the Emperor's review of his fleet

force upon the Asiatic waters would have to be fifty per cent greater than that of Japan in order to win the fight. The Japanese are a sailor as well as a soldier nation, and while Russia has yet to prove her power upon the seas, there having yet been no manifestation of it in all her history, Japan has already shown her fighting quality there. In the naval battle of the Yalu, in the late China-Japan war, occurred the only mutiny which ever took place in the Japanese navy, and that was when, in the thick of the action, the wounded men in the cockpit insisted upon returning to the deck to join again in the fray. That is the sort of personnel which

is going to man the guns against Russia.

Even should fate determine that such dauntless courage should not avail, and that Japan's fleet be seriously crippled, nature has provided for this empire a refuge such as no other nation in the world possesses. Something is known by the Western peoples of the Inland Sea of Japan, made famous by its extraordinarily picturesque beauty, but few or none have ever called attention to it as an ideal naval base. Close and opposite to Korea as it is, there is room in it for the entire marine of the world, while it can be approached only by three entrances, all heavily fortified, one being on the west, another on the east, and the third upon the south. Any fleet therein could be kept there only by a naval force three times as great as its own, while the main line of railroad running along the northern shore furnishes the amplest means of supply. With such means and such men at hand Japan's case in the event of war against her giant antagonist, even if she has to fight single-handed, is far from hopeless. No European nation and no combination of European nations can transport, supply, and maintain an army of half a million of men for service in the Far East without ample time and entire freedom from molestation en route, and even then their resources would have to be taxed far beyond the straining point. Least of all is Russia equipped for the overseas task, and her single-track road over the wastes of Siberia is ludicrously inadequate for the purpose. All talk of Japan's running the risk of self-effacement in throwing down the gauntlet of war before the Northern Colossus is idle. Not only has she powerful friends who will never stand by and see her downed, but her coasts bristle with forts and guns, her fleet is adequate for their defence, and her army, under the inspiration of its patriotism, and with its superb organization, is the equal of any of its size in the world.



THE JAPANESE FIGHTING MAN

at Kobé last spring. The ships of the Imperial procession passed slowly up and down the long lines of stately battleships and cruisers there gathered, as the bulwark of an island nation which forty years ago knew nothing but an old junk.

As to the outcome of the encounter with the Russian fleet, which will doubtless be the opening feature of the great struggle, little can be hazarded in the way of prediction based upon the number and weight of the two navies, inasmuch as in these regards they are almost equally matched; but in the prime factors of personnel and efficiency it is safe to say that Russia's



GENERAL VIEW OF THE INNER HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR, RUSSIA'S NAVAL BASE ON THE YELLOW SEA

The mouth of the harbor is to the left, and on the heights above the shipping are heavy fortifications. In the foreground may be seen long lines of troops marching to their barracks. This photograph was taken exclusively for Collier's by our special correspondent at Port Arthur, who will accompany the Russian army



S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, and A. G. Bell, inventor of the telephone, at the interment ceremonies of the Institution's founder

WHIRLWIND IN COTTON PRICES

The price of the commodity goes up by leaps and bounds until it reaches a figure only equaled by Civil War values

WHEN COLLIER'S reviewed the extraordinary conditions of the cotton market in December, the price of the staple was thirteen cents a pound. This was considered amazing, and its results were then affecting the industrial welfare of millions of workers and consumers in almost every corner of civilization. Since then, speculation gone wild, and helped by a natural shortage to meet an ever-increasing demand, has forced the price of cotton up to eighteen cents, and there was one day of this cyclonic buying and selling when twenty-cent cotton was dealt in. Disastrous flurries made fluctuations unprecedented, but the trend of the tide was steadily upward through January.

All records of thirty years were broken. In ten days the price jumped a total of \$12.50 a bale. This added to the previous increase during the movement swelled the total value of the cotton crop by nearly a half billion dollars in a few months. Three years ago, the cotton crop of the United States was worth one-third, for the same number of bales, its cash value in the last week of January of the present year. Through the South, the farmers have been gleaning the wintry fields to harvest every boll of cotton overlooked in the fall picking. They have been dragging every bale to market that could be found, and selling it for cash at sixteen cents a pound, and more, eighty dollars a bale, when it used to go for twenty-five. From the speculative side, the extent of the advance since the first week of October may be judged from the fact that if one had bought 25,000 bales of cotton on October 6, and held it until February 1, he would have made one million dollars clear profit. This profit would have been made on an investment of \$25,000 as margin on the 25,000 bales. The British Cotton Growers' Association is making renewed and almost frantic efforts to open foreign fields for cotton raising, and the latest jump in prices, which spells ruin to British cotton spinners, has increased the experimental fund to \$150,000. This money is to be used to propagate the industry, and now England is looking for relief to the Soudan. The wonderful system of irrigation recently completed by British engineers on the Nile has opened millions of acres of cotton-growing land in Egypt which was never before under cultivation. While all the cotton-using world seeks relief from the famine of supply, the Southern farmers of the United States, except those diversifying on account of the boll weevil, are straining every nerve to increase the cotton planting acreage next year, in order to benefit by high prices. It has happened before that the greatly increased areas of cultivation following high prices defeats its own aims by overstocking the markets in the following year.

THE BOOM IN AIRSHIPS

Scores of contestants in all parts of the world are getting ready for the St. Louis races

IF THE public has looked at the "two hundred thousand dollar" airship and balloon races scheduled for the St. Louis Exposition, as a fanciful publicity scheme, the diligence of scores of aeronauts in making ready for the events must carry the weight of conviction. The Fair officials are deluged with letters and applications from the immense variety of cranks whom aerial navigation attracts. But the genuine competitors already enlisted will fill an extraordinary programme of races. The airship proper, either inflated gasbag equipped with propellers and rudder or the aeroplane whose engines both lift and drive it, is coming from America, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, and Australia, to enter the series of races

over a thirty-mile course, for one purse of \$100,000 and \$50,000 in other prizes. It is stipulated that these machines must show a speed of twenty miles an hour, which statute of limitation will smash the hopes of some enthusiastic inventors.

Santos-Dumont, now in this country to arrange for his entry, has built a "racer" one hundred and seventy feet long, with an engine of seventy-two horsepower, in which he expects to sail over St. Louis at a forty-mile-an-hour gait. Not so well known, but almost as promising, is the Spencer airship, which has zig-zagged over London for a thirty-mile spin at the rate of ten "knots."

Dr. August Greth flew over San Francisco last October in a dirigible balloon which answered the helm and pushed its way against the wind in a way to justify his claim that with a bigger balloon and engines he will be able to log off thirty miles an hour. The type of engine-driven gasbag will be most numerous.

Far more scientific attention will be drawn to the real flying machine, which discards the balloon ideas. Of this type, Professor Langley has been the foremost exponent, and the disastrous result of his recent experiments may prevent the entry of an "aërodrome" at St. Louis. But in scientific aeronautics he is still believed to be nearest the right track. The Wright brothers of Dayton, Ohio, whose remarkably successful flights with their aeroplane machine were recently described, will enter the St. Louis races. They have made a genuine flying machine, and are already in a class by themselves. Emil Berliner, inventor of the telephone transmitter, has devised a machine on the principle of the aeroplane which may be developed sufficiently to risk a flight in this strange midair carnival. Although Sir Hiram Maxim has made no recent announcements in the field of aerial navigation, he is regarded as a probable competitor at St. Louis.

For the army of inventors and aeronauts who have not gotten as far as a machine that will carry its own power, the Exposition programme provides balloon distance and "sprinting" contests and races for "gliding machines," with \$100,000 in prizes in addition to the "grand prize for the full-fledged" twenty knots an hour airship. These races will continue for four months, so that daily in fair weather the thousands of Exposition visitors will be looking skyward at all manner of strange craft, with collisions and collapses imminent.

Two aeronauts have met shocking deaths in France while trying to rival the flights of Santos-Dumont, and the aeroplane type had a notable victim in Lilienthal, a pioneer in the development of the gliding machine. The Exposition management has tried to guard against disaster by stipulating that all entries must have tested their contrivances by sailing over a measured course in view of reliable witnesses. This rule is expected to bar rash experimenters who have failed to take warning from the tragic fate of Darius Green. Aerial stake boats, or captive balloons, will mark the "L" shaped course at St. Louis, but the problem of life-preservers is for the present likely to remain unsolved.

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W. H. TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR, AND ELIHU ROOT, HIS PREDECESSOR



Joseph Jefferson, one of the foremost of our American actors, and also an enthusiastic fisherman, off for a day's sport of tarpon fishing at Palm Beach, Florida

THIS TIME MR. HEINZE LOSES

Another and perhaps the final chapter in the bitter and protracted copper war of Montana

MONTANA and millions are not only alliterative but almost synonymous. In that rich home of precious stones all news is big with sensations and figures. "Copper" has been for years one of the most absorbing topics of the day for many investors in this country, especially in the New England States. These investors have had millions of dividends tied up for over two years, and the news of the end of the litigation means the outpouring of a flood of gold from one corner of the land to the other. Incidentally, it is apparently the end of one of the most intense legal dramas of our commercial age.

F. Augustus Heinze became a power in Montana a few years ago. When the Boston & Montana Company was included in the Amalgamated Copper Company, the consolidation thus formed clashed with his interests. So, at Heinze's instigation, it is charged, one John MacGinniss, an owner of a few shares of stock in the Boston & Montana, brought an injunction suit against the Amalgamated, alleging that this consolidation was contrary to the Montana law forbidding monopolies. That suit was begun in July, 1901, and Judge Clancy, of the Montana District Court at Helena, granted a temporary injunction. Then MacGinniss brought other suits to clinch this injunction. The war has gayly run along ever since that time. The holders of the \$3,000,000 dividends of Boston & Montana, which has been held up, have been hoping against hope that some power would loose the grip which Heinze seemed to have on Judge Clancy, but the restraining order was continued by Clancy until the case was finally presented to the Supreme Court of the State. It has just handed down a decision reversing Judge Clancy's decision and affirming the legality of the merger of the Amalgamated and the Boston & Montana Companies. In spite of the anti-trust law of Montana, which was invoked by MacGinniss, this Court has decided that any corporation in Montana may hold as much stock in any other corporation as an individual may. This is considered by some a grotesque feature of the decision. If one concern's holding controlling stock in another concern does not mean the formation of a pretty good trust, then the contention of Attorney-General Knox as to the great railroad merger is apparently ill-founded. There are many peculiar elements in this affair, and many rumors as to the decision. But the Boston & Montana people, who have been waiting for their dividends for almost three years, are disposed to waive all informalities and welcome the result.

NINETY MILES AN HOUR

The records made on the Florida beach have amazed the racing motorists of other countries

FOR many years, winter pilgrims to Florida had sung the praise of the stretch of ocean beach that runs like a shining boulevard between Ormond and Daytona. Bicyclists discovered that the hard-packed sand made a famous speeding ground between tides. Then the automobilist found it out, and this winter's meet of the most famous racing motorists has made certain the remarkable fact that no stretch of roadway in the world is as favorable for speed records as this ribbon of wet sand a few feet from the surf. The records made over it indicate that the speed limit of the automobile is not yet in sight. Racing cars have been ordered for next year with a third more horsepower than those which shattered all records this winter.

William K. Vanderbilt, foremost of living amateur chauffeurs, drove his ninety-horsepower car one mile in 39 seconds. In winning the fifty-mile race, he cov-

ered the distance in 40 minutes 49 4-5 seconds. He sped 10 miles in 6 minutes and 50 seconds. In other words, his huge machine was driven along the beach at the rate of a mile and one-fifth a minute, or 72 miles an hour. The Empire State Express would have been a hopeless laggard soon left out of sight of this automobile. Much more startling, however, was the single record-breaking mile, which was done at the rate of a trifle more than 90 miles per hour. Such speed as this was unheard of before this meet, and the championship feats of automobile racing, for short and middle distances are firmly planted in America, by an American gentleman motorist, who risks his neck every time he grasps the lever of his racing machine for such terrific contests as these. The nearest approach to this fifty-mile record in a race was reached by Alexander Winton four years ago, but he was nearly twenty minutes behind Mr. Vanderbilt's time. Even the French experts who journeyed all the way from Paris to Florida took off their hats to the course and the records.

DEATH OF WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

A brief review of his life and career, much of which was identified with the nation's progress

FORMER Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, who died in his New York home on February 2, after four days' illness, was in the sixty-third year of his life. Sudden death at this age was a singularly tragic demolition of the plans which he had made for using his latter years. When at the age of sixty Mr. Whitney made formal announcement that he thought the time ripe for his retirement from the crowded activities of his financial career, the decision caused wide interest. He said:

"At sixty, a man should have laid up enough for his old age, and made his career whatever he aimed to do with it. I am going to drop out of my business responsibilities as rapidly as I can get rid of them, and for the rest of my life enjoy my leisure in doing the things I like best to do. I am done with politics. I have no ambitions that way. I don't want to make any more money. The rational enjoyment of life in old age is my choice."

For two years only Mr. Whitney realized these hopes. He turned to his stock and breeding farms, his racing stables, his library, and the wholesome out-of-door life of his country places. He enjoyed entertaining his friends in his palatial home on upper Fifth Avenue. Besides this residence he had a splendid estate at Wheatley Hills, Long Island, a stable and private training track at Sheephead Bay, the Travers Villa in Newport, a mansion and seven hundred acres around it in the Berkshires, the Stony Ford Stock Farm in New York State, a game preserve of sixteen thousand acres in the Adirondacks, a lodge and private golf links at Blue Mountain Lake, a stock-farm in the Blue Grass region, a mansion and two thousand acres of estate at Aiken, South Carolina, a house in Florida, and another in London. He was the largest private holder of land in the State of New York.

This was part of the equipment of William C. Whitney for the leisure he only tasted after a conspicuously successful career in politics and finance. He fought his own way to the front of affairs. Born at Conway, Massachusetts, in 1841, of old Puritan stock, he was graduated from Yale, and studied law at Harvard. He came to New York and entered a law office with little capital and less influence. His political career began with the organization of a Democratic club in 1871. His first public office was that of Corporation Counsel of New York at the age of thirty-four. He had become leader of the County Democracy meantime, and was making a more than local reputation as a "coming man." He resigned the Corporation Counsel's office in 1882, and three years later was appointed Secretary of the Navy in the first term of Grover Cleveland. Secretary Whitney is remembered as the inspiring force which made the "new navy," begun under Secretary Chandler. The fleet of antiquated wooden

hulks, which were the shadow of an American navy, was supplanted, during Mr. Whitney's term, by thirteen modern steel ships contracted for or completed, and nine others in course of construction when he left office.

At that time, the political future of Mr. Whitney seemed momentous. He was prominent as a Democratic leader and counselor, and frequently discussed as a Presidential possibility. But his active participation in politics ended abruptly when Bryan came into the foreground of his party. He repudiated the Free



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY
Born July 15, 1841 : Died February 2, 1904

Silver candidate, and when he walked out of the Convention Hall in Chicago, to show his attitude toward the nomination, he also walked out of politics.

It was not until after his retirement from the Cabinet that Mr. Whitney began his career in street railway finance and consolidation, in which he developed surprising mastery. He began by getting control of a single horse-car line in New York City. But he made this the nucleus of the Metropolitan Street Railway, which in time absorbed all the surface transportation of the metropolis. He associated with him the Philadelphia capitalists Widener and Elkins, and other powerful financiers, until the operations of the group controlled also the street railways of Philadelphia and several other cities and many electrical manufacturing and power plants. His interests ramified in many other directions, and most of them were largely profitable.

Mr. Whitney was first married to the daughter of Henry B. Payne of Ohio, once United States Senator. She died in 1893. In 1896 he married Mrs. Edith Randolph, widow of an English army officer, who had been a May of Baltimore. Two years later she was fatally

injured while riding to hounds at Aiken, and died after a year's illness. Two of Mr. Whitney's children have made conspicuously brilliant marriages. The eldest son, Harry Payne Whitney, married Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, the eldest daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Payne Whitney married Miss Helen Hay, daughter of the Secretary of State.

If Mr. Whitney had a hobby, it was the improvement of the American turf. He spent a vast fortune on his racing stables. He did more to make the racing of thoroughbreds the sport of gentlemen, and to rid it of pernicious influences, than any other man who ever lived in this country. He loved the sport for its own sake. He was peculiarly unfortunate for several years in failing to win with his magnificent stables, but last season headed the list of winning American owners. His most famous turf victories were the English Derby, with Volodyovski, in 1901, and the Futurity, with Ballyhoo Bey, in 1900.

CO-OPERATIVE ROAD BUILDING

Congress has at last made a move in the direction of highway development and improvement

THE introduction of a bill into Congress providing \$24,000,000 for national aid to States in making and mending highways, is an indication of the country-wide interest that is being shown in the subject, and the Governors of half-a-dozen States, in their first of the year messages to Legislatures, have given the matter of improved roads special attention. When Dickens visited America he found the stage road from the Potomac to Fredericksburg to be "a series of alternate swamps and gravel pits." He described the passage of a Virginia swamp in this way: "We come to the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach windows, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally, the coach stops, the horses flounder."

Governor Montague, in his message to the Virginia Legislature early in 1904, said of the State's roads: "Our indifferent highways are a hindrance to the growth of our rural population and a bar to immigration." He recommended the State to begin the systematic construction and maintenance of public roads. And as Virginia is trying to level and put a bottom to her highways, so other States are taking up the same work. Governor Bates calls attention to the fact that Massachusetts has already laid out 505 miles of solid road, at an average cost of \$6,000 a mile. In New York 484 miles have been constructed since 1898, when the State agreed to share the cost with the counties. New Jersey has been fortunate in stirring the communities to a proper appreciation of State aid, and her fine roads are numerous. Maryland's Legislature is considering a plan to aid counties to the extent of \$200,000 a year, to improve the highways. In South Carolina Governor Heyward believes that the Legislature is going far enough in authorizing the counties to bond themselves for the cost of road making.

That the advantages of good roads need to be emphasized over and over in the most elementary way is shown by the experience of Pennsylvania. That State has made available in the next six years \$6,500,000, and \$2,000,000 a year thereafter, to aid the townships—the State bearing five-sixths of the cost, the townships one-sixth. Yet the townships have persistently refused to take advantage of the liberal offer. But the optimistic of Pennsylvania recall the struggle to introduce free public schools into that commonwealth in the first half of the last century. They recall that the Governor who signed the bill finally establishing free schools was defeated for re-election, along with many members of the State Legislature who voted for the measure. It was as late as 1855 that Pennsylvania became reconciled to the modern school system. Though their bills for keeping poor dirt roads in passable condition are larger than the one-sixth cost of graded, macadamized highways, backward townships obstinately



The flat stretch of sandy shore where the record was made



W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in his ninety-horsepower racing automobile

SPEEDING AT ALMOST ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR ON THE BEACH AT ORMOND, FLORIDA

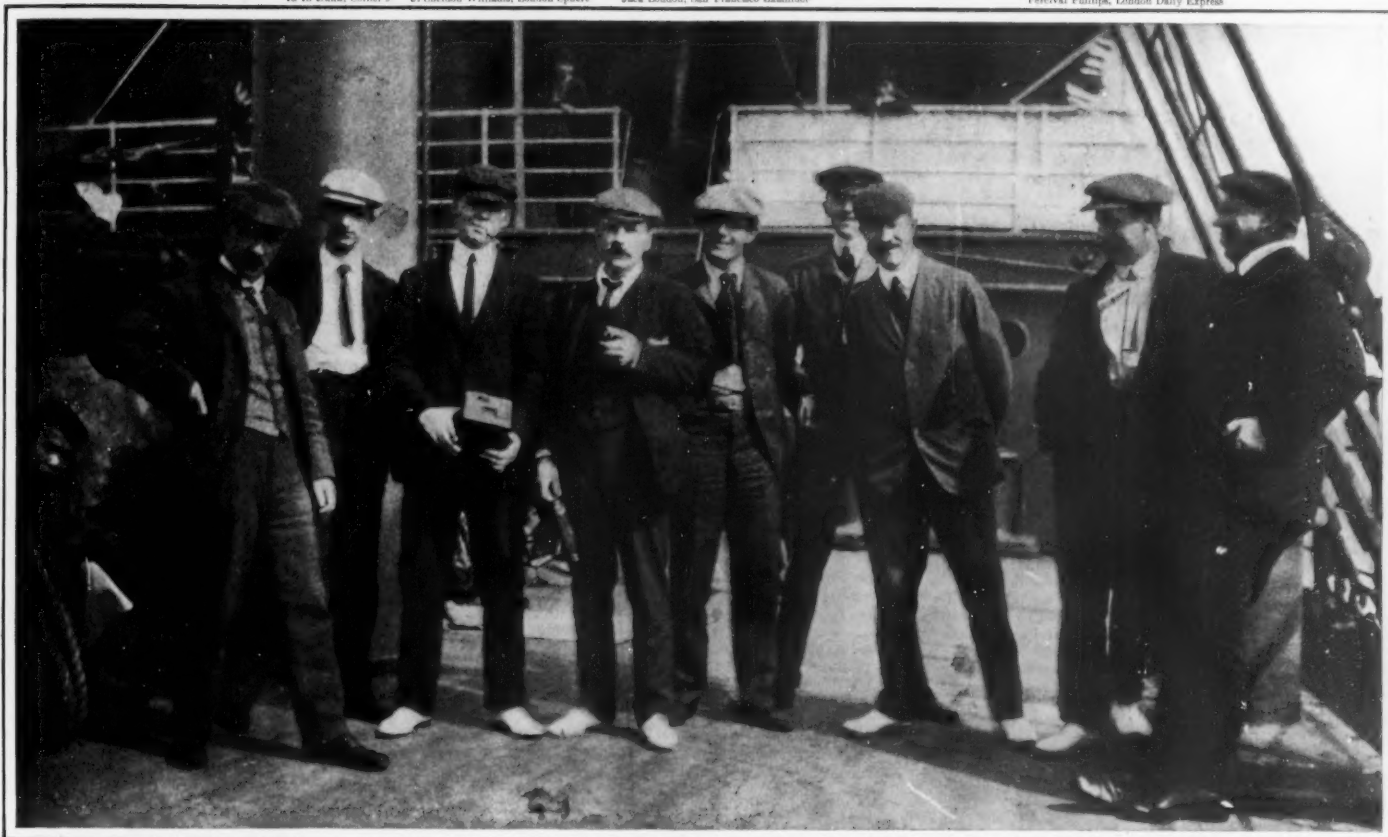
On January 27 last Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., broke all automobile time records in a short trial. While going at top speed, his companion took the time between two mile-posts, the watch marking thirty-nine seconds. The machine was therefore traveling at a rate of between ninety and one hundred miles to the hour

R. L. Dunn, Collier's

J. Sheldon Williams, London Sphere

Jack London, San Francisco Examiner

Percival Phillips, London Daily Express



James H. Hays, Collier's

Captain Lionel James, London Times

Frederick Palmer, Collier's

G. R. Davis, New York Herald

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO JAPAN

This photograph, forwarded from Honolulu, was taken by a Collier photographer on board the "Siberia," which sailed from San Francisco January 8 and reached Yokohama January 25

refuse to take up the permanent improvement plan, suspecting that in some way they are to be deceived. Good roads advocates, however, declare that their propaganda is as sure to spread as the agitation for public schools did years ago. Argument as to the economy and practicability of solid, well-graded, horse-and-wagon-saving highways is being supplemented by statistics that appear convincing. The word now is to "keep pegging away," to keep the roads already built in good repair, and to push the agitation into new territory.

GERMANY'S LITTLE AFRICAN WAR

A handful of troops and colonists are fighting for life in a savage corner of the Kaiser's South African colonies

WHILE watching the extreme Orient with breathless concern, the world has failed to realize that war on a smaller scale, but of the most ruthless character, has been raging for months in German Southwest Africa. News from that section of the globe is obtainable only in the merest dribbles. But the meagre telegrams, that leave most of the story untold, indicate nevertheless with terrible clearness that the white conquerors are fighting a hard-pressed battle not only for supremacy but for existence. A small host of civilized men, trusting to the power of higher intelligence and modern implements of war, have pitched themselves against the overwhelming numbers of a barbaric native population. And as always when such is the case, a struggle between the invaders and the indigenous threatens to bring with it that most awful feature of war—the massacring of women and children. Rumors have already told of the slaughtering of whole German families and the torturing of captives by the rebellious blacks, but so far they have remained unverified.

The territory involved lies in the southwestern corner of Africa, immediately north of the Cape Colony, from which it is separated by the Orange River. It stretches itself some nine hundred miles along the coast to the north, with an average width of about five hundred miles. Its total area exceeds that of Texas by just one-fourth. The coast districts are only wastes, but the inland, which is mountainous, offers excellent chances both to the agriculturist and the miner. The total native population is thought to number 200,000, while the whites do not exceed 7,000.

The British own a few hundred square miles of territory on the middle of the coast surrounding the harbor at Walvisch Bay. On the northern border of this lies Swakopmund, the principal German port, where a small

German gunboat is stationed. A railroad some 100 miles long is now running in a northeasterly direction from that port to Windhoek, the largest white settlement and the main administrative centre. The German Governor, Colonel Leutwein, resides there. In the extreme southern part of the country lie Keetmanshoop and Warmbad, two other places of some importance. The armed force at the disposal of Colonel Leutwein does not exceed 2,000. One-third of this is in the south under ordinary circumstances, while the larger portion of the force is scattered among a score of military posts lying within a radius of 100 miles of Windhoek. Not less than half a dozen of these posts are now besieged by an insurgent force said to number more than 15,000 warriors.

The native population consists chiefly of Hottentots and Kaffirs. The two most important tribes are the Hereros in the north and the Bondelzwarts in the south. The trouble began among the latter and was principally caused by the overbearing attitude of the German military and civil officials. The Bondelzwarts were for many years ruled by a chief named William Christian, an old rascal who plotted both against his black colleagues and the white rulers, and yet kept peace with both. An "accident" ended his career some three years ago. The accident is said to have been caused by a German rifle. The blacks could forgive that, but they are extremely jealous about their autonomous rights, and when the Germans selected a tool of their own to fill old Christian's place, a revolt

ensued. The Hereros now have joined hands with the Bondelzwarts. The entire black population may be regarded as up in arms. Communication is practically cut off between the north and the south, and unless help comes soon it seems only a question of time when Windhoek shall be cut off from the coast in spite of the railroad, a part of which has already been destroyed.

Colonel Leutwein set out late in January to march with a column of 300 men from Keetmanshoop to Windhoek, a distance of many hundred miles through a mountainous country. He was not heard from for some time, and serious fears were entertained for his safety.

The final outcome of the struggle can not be doubtful, of course. It will be a strengthening of the German hold on the land. But in the meantime the life of every white in the district is in danger.

RAGTIME BARRED AT ST. LOUIS

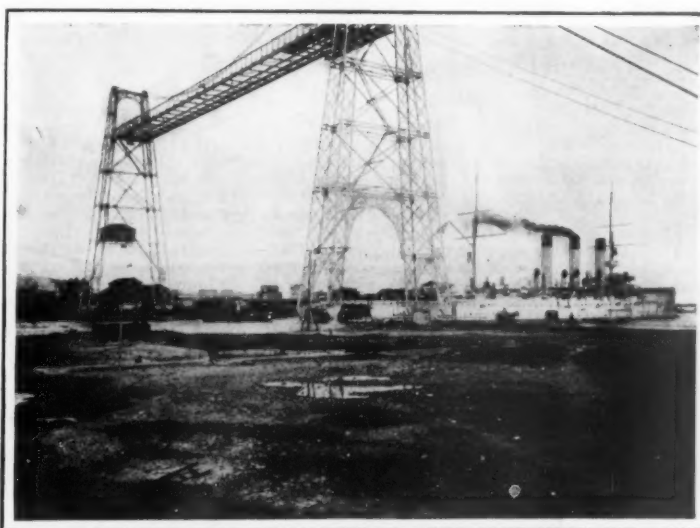
The "musical" authorities of the World's Fair appear to be opposed to what is typically American music

AFTER extended deliberation and numerous conferences, the officials of the St. Louis Exposition have decided against the ragtime song, or even the ragtime music without words to accompany it. The musical director of the Exposition, and the chairman of the musical programme, have issued an edict that all songs, either in the State pavilions, Festival Hall, or along the Pike, shall be strictly classical and modern if possible, but all element of the ragtime music hall style of singing shall be eliminated.

"I have no personal feeling of enmity against ragtime," says the musical director, "but I think too much of it is a bad thing. I believe the people like good music. There are many beautiful and popular selections from the classics. Because music can be called classic does not necessarily imply that it should be heavy or generally unattractive. Some of the most popular music of to-day is the lighter music of the classics."

The chairman of the musical programme says that one reason the ragtime tune was eliminated from the Exposition was that, like the measles, the air that is given sentiment in these tunes seems contagious, and the people would wish for nothing else, once the ragtime tunes began.

The decision of the Exposition officials to exclude ragtime has created a furore along the Pike, where it had been arranged to have some very new and up-to-date songs with a ragtime air about them. The Pike concessionaires have held a meeting and have decided to take up the musical proposition with the World's Fair management.



THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "OSLABYA" LEAVING BISERTA

A Russian squadron lay in this Tunisian harbor until it learned of the departure from Genoa of the two Japanese cruisers "Kasaga" and "Nishin." The Russian ships then put to sea and shadowed the Japanese vessels through the Suez Canal into the Indian Ocean

SLIM-FINGERED JIM

By ANTHONY HOPE

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," Etc.

"WHAT did he get?" I asked. I had been working in my own room all the morning, and had not seen the papers—they arrived from London about half-past eleven.

"Seven years' penal servitude," said our host, the Major, with grim satisfaction.

"Stiff!" I commented.

"Not a bit too much," asserted the Major, helping himself to game pie again. (He is a good luncheon.)

"He's a thoroughly bad lot, a professional thief, and a deuced clever one. It's his first conviction—but it ought to have been his tenth, I should say."

"He was certainly in that big American bond robbery," said Crookes, "though he got off that time. Oxford man, wasn't he?"

"Yes. In fact, I believe I was up one term with him," said Millington. "I must have seen him, I think, but I can't remember him."

"Dear, dear!" our hostess observed, shocked, apparently at this close proximity to the criminal classes.

"Rather good what the chap said when he'd been sentenced," drawled Charlie Pryce. "See it? Well, he bowed to the judge, and then he bowed to the jury and smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and said: 'The risks of the profession, gentlemen! Au revoir!' Jolly good cheek!" Charlie's round red face (He is very well-nourished, as they say at inquests) beamed almost sympathetically.

"I suppose he owes his nickname to his professional dexterity?" said I.

"Suppose so," agreed Charlie.

"No," said Mrs. Pryce, who was at the other end of the table. "His name is James—"

"Yes, James Painter Walsh," interposed the Major, accurate always.

"But he was called 'Slim-Fingered' because he had beautiful hands, with very slender, tapering fingers."

"Hullo, Minnie!" cried Pryce. "How do you know that?"

"He told me himself," she answered, with a smile and the hint of a blush. "I crossed from America with him the time he was arrested at Queenstown for the Bond robbery and—well, we got acquainted. Of course, nobody knew who he was."

A torrent of questions overwhelmed Mrs. Pryce. She had achieved fame—she had known the hero of the last famous jewel robbery. She spoke of him from first-hand knowledge. The unrivaled attraction of crime—crime in the grand manner—fascinates us all. But she wouldn't say much. "He was just an acquaintance for the voyage," she told us. "Though, of course, it was rather a shock to see him arrested at Queenstown."

"Oh, what a surprise!" exclaimed Charlie Pryce jovially.

"A surprise?" She seemed to me to start ever so little. "Oh, yes, of course, terrible!" she went on the next instant.

"Was he nice?" asked our hostess.

"Yes, he was very—very attractive," she answered. And somehow I fancy her glance rested for a moment on her husband—indeed on a particular portion of him. Charlie was just lighting the after-lunch cigarette. Charlie's hands (He is a very good fellow and well off) are decidedly red and particularly pudgy.

II

I LIKED Mrs. Pryce very much. She was pretty, dainty, bright, and—well, bachelors are so apt to think that pretty married women have a dull time at home that I will lay no stress on my own private opinion as to her domestic lot. Enough that I was always glad to talk with her—and that it was pleasant to walk with her in the Major's quiet old garden on a fine night when the wind stirred the boughs and the moon shone.

Inside they had taken to pool—and whiskey-and-soda. I play the former badly, and take the latter when the evening is more advanced.

"Beautiful moon!" I observed, enjoying nature, my company, and my cigar.

She was silent a moment. Then, she said, "It shone just like that the third night out from New York."

"Your last trip?" She crosses pretty often, as Charlie has business connections on the other side.

"No. The one when—the one we were talking about at lunch."

"Ah! When our friend of the slim fingers—?"

"Yes."

"Let's sit down," I suggested. We were just passing a garden seat.

She smiled at me half sadly, half mockingly. She saw through me; she knew I wanted to hear more about it. By some sort of sympathy I knew that she wanted to talk about it. It was queer, too, to consider through what window that moon was shining on Slim-Fingered Jim. Did it—and his other surround-

ings—remind him of the broad Atlantic? The risks of the profession, gentlemen!

"Yes, he had beautiful hands," she murmured.

"What'll they look like when—?"

She caught my hand sharply in hers. "Hush, hush!" she whispered. I felt ashamed of myself, but, of course, I couldn't have known that—well, that she'd feel it like that.

"I was quite a girl," she went on presently. "Yes, it's six years ago—and the first two days of that voyage were like days in heaven. You know what it can be when it's fine? You seem never to have known what space was before—and bigness—and blueness. Do you know what I mean?"

"It's very exhilarating."

"Oh, don't be silly! Of course, nobody was ill—anyhow only the people who meant to be before they started—and we had an awfully jolly table."

"Mr. Walsh one of your party?"

"Yes, he was at our table. I sat next to him."

I turned half round and looked at her. The moon was strong, I could see her eyes.

"Look here, do you want to go on with this story?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so—I've never told it before. But perhaps I'll skip a little of it."

"At the beginning?"

"Yes. Will you imagine the sun shining by day and the moon by night?"

"Yes. And a sparkling sea? And nothing to do?"

"Yes. And a young girl—quite a young girl?"

"Yes. And beautiful hands—and the rest to match?"

"Yes—including a voice."

"Yes. Let's skip to the second evening, shall we, Mrs. Pryce?"

"Will you be a little more imaginative and skip to the third afternoon?"



"I DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN TILL DINNER"

"The third afternoon be it. What's happening when we begin to tell the story again?"

"I'm in my mother's stateroom, getting a tremendous lecture. I'm not sure you ought to hear it."

"Oh, I know all about it. You meant no harm probably, but really, it was time you learned to be more careful. Attractive girls couldn't be too careful. Men were so ready to think this and that—and say this and that—and then go and boast about it in the smoking-room. And what did you or your mother know about him? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! No doubt he was a gentleman, and very pleasant and amusing—but really you knew nothing. He was probably an adventurer. And anyhow—well, really it wasn't quite—quite—ladylike to—"

"Yes, that's not a bad imagination," interrupted Mrs. Pryce. "Add mamma's pince-nez, and it's quite lifelike."

"And the result?"

"Great constraint in my manner toward Mr. Walsh at dinner that evening."

"And—further result—a melancholy walk by you on the deck after dinner—a walk at first solitary—subsequently shared by a puzzled and humble Mr. Walsh!"

"I begin to think you have more experience than you always admit," said Mrs. Pryce. "But I think you'll go wrong if you try to guess any more."

"Then I won't guess any more. Take up the thread."

It's now the third night out—and the moon is shining like that," I pointed to the orb which was illuminating the Major's garden—among other places where sundry of that liner's former passengers might chance to be.

"I'll go on," she said, "and don't interrupt me for a little while. There was a very light wind—you hardly felt it aft—and I was standing looking over the sea. He came up to me, and began to talk about some trifle—I don't forget what it was, but it doesn't matter. But I was afraid mamma would come up and look for me, so I said I was going down to read. But I waited for a minute more—I suppose I expected him to ask me not to go. He said nothing, but took one big, big pull at his cigar, gave one big, big puff of smoke out of his mouth and nose, and then threw the cigar overboard. 'Good night, Mr. Walsh,' I said. He looked at me—it was as light as it is now, and said, 'Will you give me one minute, Miss Cochrane?' 'Well, only a minute,' I said, smiling. I was really afraid about mamma. 'I want to tell you something,' he said. I wonder if I blushed—and whether he could see if I did. I expect I did, and that he saw, because he went on very quickly, 'Something that doesn't matter much to you, but matters a bit to me.' 'Go on,' I said. I was quite calm again now because—well, because I saw he was going to say something serious—I mean, not of the sort I—I had thought he might be going to say before."

"You saw he wasn't making love to you, you mean."

"I told you not to interrupt—but I daresay that's putting it as nearly right as you can understand!"

I murmured thanks for this rather contemptuous forgiveness.

"Then he told me," Mrs. Pryce went on, "just simply told me, and said he was going to make some excuse for asking the purser to put him at another table."

"But you can't leave it like that!" I expostulated.

"You're throwing away all your dramatic effect. What did he say? His words, his words, Mrs. Pryce!"

"He didn't use any—not in the sense you mean. He just told me. He didn't even put me on my honor not to tell anybody else. He said he didn't care a hang about anybody else on board, but that he wanted to spare me any possible shock, and that he'd been concerned in the Bond robbery and would probably be arrested at Queenstown—but that he expected to get off this time. I think I repeated 'This time' because I remember he said then that he was a thief by profession, and couldn't expect good luck every time. That was like what he said yesterday, wasn't it?"

"And what did you say? It must have been a bad quarter of an hour for you. Because you'd liked him a good deal, hadn't you?"

"Yes, a lot. But—" She turned to me smiling now—"it wasn't bad at all, really."

She gave a little laugh—a laugh with pleasant reminiscence in it.

"You were a cool hand for your age," I ventured to observe.

"It was the way he did it," she said. "Somehow I felt he was paying me a very high compliment."

"Oh, I agree," I laughed.

"And one I was glad to have. It must have been the way he did it. There are some people who abolish one's moral scruples, aren't there? He was very quiet generally, but he had a way of just moving those hands of his with a little waving gesture. And when he said that of course it wasn't right—"

"Oh, he admitted that?"

"Yes, but that little wave of those hands seemed to wave right and wrong right out of the way."

"Overboard?"

"Absolutely overboard. Then he looked at me a moment, and said: 'That's all I had to say. Thanks for listening to me, Miss Cochrane. Good-night.'"

"And what did you say?"

She rested her chin in her hand, looking sidewise at me. "I said 'Good-night, Mr. Walsh. We meet at breakfast to-morrow as usual?'"

"The deuce you did!"

"At our table?" he asked. And I said 'Yes.' He gave a little laugh, and so did I, and I held out my hand. He shook hands and left me—and I went down and read with mamma."

"Nothing else said?"

"He said nothing else. I believe I whispered, 'It'll be rather fun—because you will get off!' But I know I didn't say anything more than that."

There was a pause. I lighted another cigarette, snatching a mean advantage by stealing a look at my friend in the light of the match. She was not looking at me, but straight ahead of her. There was a pensive smile on her lips.

"And what happened afterward?" I asked.

"I suppose you'll be shocked—"

"Being shocked is an emotion hostile to art—I never have it."

"Well, then, I never had such fun. Of course, we were careful because of mamma (Mamma's idea became funny, too!) and because we knew what was going to happen. But we managed to get no end of talks in quiet places—the library's very good in fine weather—and he told me all sorts of wonderful things. It was like reading the very best detective stories, only ever so much better—so much more vivid, you know."

"More personal interest?"

"A thousand times. And it was fun, too, at meals, and when there was a concert, and so on. I used to find him looking at me with his eyes all full of laugh-

ter, and I looked back at him, enjoying the secret and the way he was making fools of all the rest. We were just like two children with some game that the grown-up people know nothing about."

"He had waved your morality overboard with a vengeance," said I.

"It was the jolliest time I ever had in my life," said Mrs. Pryce. "He recited beautifully at the concert 'The Ballad of Beau Brocade.'"

"Well done him," I said approvingly. I began rather to like the fellow myself.

"And at the end he made a little speech, thanking the Captain, and saying how sorry we should all be when the voyage ended. 'And nobody sorer than myself,' he said, with one of his looks at me—such a twinkling look—and a tiny wave of those hands."

"He must have been the most popular man on board."

"Well, the men thought him rather stand-offish; he snubbed some of them, I think. Well, you do meet some queer men on a liner, don't you? And Mr. Walsh said that out of business hours he claimed to choose his acquaintance. But the women all worshiped him—not that he ran after them, but his manner was always just right to them."

"It's really a pity his manner of life was so—well, so unconventional."

"Yes, wasn't it?" she said, welcoming my sympathy. "Because, of course, it meant that our acquaintance had to end with the voyage."

I had perhaps been thinking of somewhat broader considerations, but I refrained from advancing them. In fact, we had somehow got away from ordinary standards and restraints—the memory of Slim-Fingered Jim had waved them away. We fell into silence for a moment or two, until I asked: "And the manner of the end? Tell me that."

"I didn't believe in the end. I had got not to believe in it at all. I thought we might go on sailing forever over that beautiful sea, and having the most splendid fun. He could make you feel that everything was just splendid fun—that there was nothing else in the world. He made me feel that—I suppose he knew he could, or he'd never have told me his secret at all. But, of course, the end had to come." She sighed and gave a little shiver—not that it was cold in the Major's garden. Then she turned to me again. "I've told you a good deal," she said, "and you're not a chicken, are you?"

I ruefully admitted that I was no chicken.

"Then I needn't say anything more about myself," said she.

"And what about him?"

"I think he liked me tremendously—but he wasn't in love."

"Not at all?"

"I don't think so. He was just the most perfect of good comrades to me—and in that way the finest gentleman I've ever met. Because, you know, I can see now that I gave him opportunities of being something else. Well, I was only nineteen, and—"

"Quite so. The hands, of course!"

"It seems possible to be good and bad in—in compartments, doesn't it? That's rather curious!"

"If true?"

"Oh, you know it's true."

"Perhaps I do—but I never contradict the preacher."

She laughed again, but now a trifle fretfully.

"In his own business I believe he's thoroughly bad."

"Not even the chivalrous highwayman?"

"No. Just bad—bad—bad."

"Ah, well, business is one thing, and charity another, as somebody once observed. And now for the end, please—because ends do come even though we don't believe in them."

"Yes, they do—and this one came," she said. But for an instant or two she did not begin to tell me about it; and in the silence I heard Charlie Pryce assert loudly that he had made a d—d good shot.

III

"AT LUNCH on Friday," Mrs. Pryce resumed, "the steward told us that we were expected to reach Queenstown about one o'clock in the morning, and we all began discussing whether we should sit up.



"I TURNED AWAY TO THE SEA"

The old travelers scoffed at the idea, and mamma, though she wasn't an old traveler, said she would never think of being so silly. But I and the two other girls at the table—they were Americans on their first trip over—said that we certainly should, and one of them asked Mr. Walsh if he meant to. "I must," he said, smiling. "In fact, I expect to land there—that is, if I get the telegram I expect to get." Of course, he glanced at me as he spoke, so that I knew what he meant, though the others hadn't the least idea. What would they have said?"

"I suppose they did say they were very sorry he wasn't going on to Liverpool?"

"Yes, and even mamma said how sorry we were to part from him. Fancy mamma saying that! It was fun. Only after lunch she was terribly aggravating; she kept me down in the writing-room all the afternoon, writing letters for her to all sorts of stupid people in America and at home, saying we had arrived safely. Of course, we'd arrived safely! But if mamma so much as crosses the Channel without sinking, she writes to all her friends as if she'd come back from the North Pole. Some people are like that, aren't they?"

"Yes—and they're generally considered attentive. You may get a great reputation for good manners by writing unnecessary letters."

"Yes. So I didn't see him again till dinner. Nothing much happened then, at least I don't remember much. The end had begun, I think, and I wasn't feeling so jolly as I had been all the way across. But everybody else was in high spirits, and he was the gayest of all of us. I expect he saw that I was rather blue. And he followed me on deck soon after dinner, and there we had our last little talk. He told me that he thought everything would be done quite quietly; he meant to tell the purser where to find him in case

of inquiry, and to be ready to go ashore at once; he was sure they'd take him ashore, but if by chance they didn't, he would stay in his cabin—so that anyhow this was good-by. So I said good-by and wished him good luck. 'Are you going to sit up?' he said. I looked at him for a moment and then said, 'No.' He smiled in an apologetic sort of way, and gave that little wave of his hands. 'It's foolish of me to care, I suppose, but—thank you for that.' I was a little surprised because I really hadn't thought he would mind my seeing; but I was pleased, too. He held out both his hands and I took them and pressed them. Then I opened my hands and looked at his as they lay there. He was smiling at me with his lips and his eyes. 'Slim-Fingered Jim!' he whispered. 'Don't quite forget him, little friend.' 'I suppose I shall never see you again?' I said. 'Better not,' he told me. 'But let's remember this voyage. We'll put a little fence round it, won't we, and keep all the rest of life out, and just let this stand by itself—on its own merits? Shall we, dear little friend?'"

Mrs. Pryce stayed her narrative for a moment. But my curiosity was merciless.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I don't know. I think I murmured something like, 'Oh, my dear, my dear!' and then I let go of his hands and turned away to the sea, and when I looked round again he was gone."

"And that was the end?"

"No. The end was lying in the berth above mamma—who was sound asleep and—well, snoring rather—lying there and feeling the ship slowing down and then stopping, and hearing the mail-boat come alongside, and all the noise and the shouting and the bustle. I knew I could hear nothing—there would be nothing to hear—but I couldn't help listening. I listened very hard all the time, but, of course, I heard nothing. And at last—after hours and hours, as it seemed—we began to move again. That was the real end. I knew it had happened then. And so it had. He wasn't at breakfast. But luckily nobody on the ship—none of the passengers, I mean—found out about it till we got to Liverpool, and as mamma and I weren't going on to London, it didn't matter."

"And he got off?"

"Yes, he got off—that time."

"I'm afraid this great man had one foible," I observed. "He was proud of those hands. Well, Cæsar didn't like getting bald—so I learned at school."

"I always remember them as they lay in mine," she said. "His hands and his eyes—that's what I remember."

"Ever seen him again?"

"Of course not." She sat where she was for a moment longer, then rose. "Shall we go in?"

"I think we may as well," said I.

So we went into the billiard-room. They were still playing pool. I made for the whiskey-and-soda, and mixed myself a tumbler and drank thereof. When I set the tumbler down and turned round to the table, Charlie Pryce was engaged in making a shot of critical importance. Everybody was looking at him. His wife was standing at the end of the table, and looking at him, too. She seemed as much interested in the shot as any of them. But was she? For before he played she raised her eyes and looked across at me with a queer little smile. I couldn't help returning it. I knew what she was thinking. The billiard-table is a high trial.

When Charlie had brought off his shot—which he did triumphantly—his wife came and kissed him. This pleased him very much. He did not recognize the Kiss Penitential—which is, however, a well-ascertained variety.

I'm afraid that the magnetic current of immorality which seemed to emanate from Mr. James Painter Walsh passed through the sympathetic medium of Mrs. Pryce's memory and infected, in some small degree, my more hardened intellect. For even now I can't help hoping that Slim-Fingered Jim is being put to some light form of labor. But it's a difficult business! Even the laundry—a most coveted department, as I am given to understand—would spoil them hopelessly.

THE OTHER TWO

By EDITH WHARTON, Author of "The Valley of Decision," etc.

WAYTHORN, on the drawing-room hearth, waited for his wife to come down to dinner.

It was their first night under his own roof, and he was surprised at his thrill of boyish agitation. He was not so old, to be sure—his glass gave him little more than the five-and-thirty years to which his wife confessed—but he had fancied himself already in the temperate zone; yet here he was listening for her step with a tender sense of all it symbolized, with some old trail of verse about the garlanded nuptial door-posts floating through his enjoyment of the pleasant room and the good dinner just beyond it.

They had been hastily recalled from their honeymoon by the illness of Lily Haskett, the child of Mrs. Waythorn's first marriage. The little girl, at Waythorn's desire, had been transferred to his house on the day of her mother's wedding, and the doctor, on their arrival, broke the news that she was ill with typhoid, but declared that all the symptoms were favorable. Lily could show twelve years of unblemished health, and the case promised to be a light one. The nurse spoke as reassuringly, and after a moment of alarm Mrs. Waythorn had adjusted herself to the situation. She was very fond of Lily—her affection for the child had perhaps been her decisive charm in Waythorn's eyes—but she had the perfectly balanced nerves which her little girl had inherited, and no woman ever wasted less tissue in unproductive worry.

Waythorn was therefore quite prepared to see her come in presently, a little late because of a last look at Lily, but as serene and well-appointed as if her good-night kiss had been laid on the brow of health. Her composure was restful to him; it acted as ballast to his somewhat unstable sensibilities. As he pictured her bending over the child's bed he thought how soothing her presence must be in illness: her very step would prognosticate recovery.

His own life had been a gray one, from temperament rather than circumstance, and he had been drawn to her by the unperturbed gayety which kept her fresh and elastic at an age when most women's activities are growing either slack or febrile. He knew what was said about her; for, popular as she was, there had always been a faint undercurrent of detraction. When she had appeared in New York, nine or ten years earlier, as the pretty Mrs. Haskett whom Gus Varick had unearthed somewhere—was it in Pittsburgh or Utica?—society, while promptly accepting her, had reserved the right to cast a doubt on its own discrimination. Inquiry, however, established her undoubted connection with a socially reigning family, and explained her recent divorce as the natural result of a runaway match at seventeen; and as nothing was known of Mr. Haskett it was easy to believe the worst of him.

Alice Haskett's remarriage with Gus Varick was a

passport to the set whose recognition she coveted, and for a few years the Varicks were the most popular couple in town. Unfortunately the alliance was brief and stormy, and this time the husband had his champions. Still, even Varick's staunchest supporters admitted that he was not meant for matrimony, and Mrs. Varick's grievances were of a nature to bear the inspection of the New York courts. A New York divorce is in itself a diploma of virtue, and in the semi-widowhood of this second separation Mrs. Varick took on an air of sanctity, and was allowed to confide her wrongs to some of the most scrupulous ears in town. But when it was known that she was to marry Waythorn there was a momentary reaction. Her best friends would have preferred to see her remain in the rôle of the injured wife, which was as



MR. WAYTHORN

becoming to her as crape to a rosy complexion. True, a decent time had elapsed, and it was not even suggested that Waythorn had supplanted his predecessor. Still, people shook their heads over him, and one grudging friend, to whom he affirmed that he took the step with his eyes open, replied oracularly: "Yes—and with your ears shut."

Waythorn could afford to smile at these innuendoes. In the Wall Street phrase, he had "discounted" them. He knew that society has not yet adapted itself to the consequences of divorce, and that till the adaptation takes place every woman who uses the freedom the law accords her must be her own social justification. Waythorn had an amused confidence in his wife's ability to justify herself. His expectations were fulfilled, and before the wedding took place Alice Varick's group had rallied openly to her support. She took it all imperturbably: she had a way of surmounting obstacles without seeming to be aware of them, and Waythorn looked back with wonder at the trivialities over which he had worn his nerves thin. He had the sense of having found refuge in a richer, warmer nature than his own, and his satisfaction, at the moment, was humorously summed up in the thought that his wife, when she had done all she could for Lily, would not be ashamed to come down and enjoy a good dinner.

The anticipation of such enjoyment was not, however, the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Waythorn's charming face when she presently joined him. Though she had put on her most engaging teagown she had neglected to assume the smile that went with it, and Waythorn thought he had never seen her look so nearly worried.

"What is it?" he asked. "Is anything wrong with Lily?"

"No; I've just been in and she's still sleeping," Mrs. Waythorn hesitated. "But something tiresome has happened."

He had taken her two hands, and now perceived that he was crushing a paper between them.

"This letter?"

"Yes—Mr. Haskett has written—I mean his lawyer has written."

Waythorn felt himself flush uncomfortably. He dropped his wife's hands.

"What about?"

"About seeing Lily. You know the courts—"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted nervously.

Nothing was known about Haskett in New York. He was vaguely supposed to have remained in the outer darkness from which his wife had been rescued, and Waythorn was one of the few who were aware that he had given up his business in Utica and followed her to New York in order to be near his little girl. In the days of his wooing, Waythorn had often met Lily on the doorstep, rosy and smiling, on her way "to see papa."

"I am so sorry," Mrs. Waythorn murmured.

He roused himself. "What does he want?"

"He wants to see her. You know she goes to him once a week."

"Well—he doesn't expect her to go to him now, does he?"

"No—he has heard of her illness; but he expects to come here."

"Here?"

Mrs. Waythorn reddened under his gaze. They looked away from each other.

"I'm afraid he has the right. . . . You'll see. . . ." She made a proffer of the letter.

Waythorn moved away with a gesture of refusal. He stood staring about the softly lighted room, which a moment before had seemed so full of bridal intimacy.

"I'm so sorry," she repeated. "If Lily could have been moved—"

"That's out of the question," he returned impatiently.

"I suppose so."

Her lip was beginning to tremble, and he felt himself a brute.

"He must come, of course," he said. "When is—his day?"

"I'm afraid—to-morrow."

"Very well. Send a note in the morning."

The butler entered to announce dinner.

Waythorn turned to his wife. "Come—you must be tired. It's beastly, but try to forget about it," he said, drawing her hand through his arm.

"You're so good, dear. I'll try," she whispered back.

Her face cleared at once, and as she looked at him across the flowers, between the rosy candle-shades, he saw her lips waver back into a smile.

"How pretty everything is!" she sighed luxuriously.

He turned to the butler. "The champagne at once, please. Mrs. Waythorn is tired."

In a moment or two their eyes met above the sparkling glasses. Her own were quite clear and untroubled: he saw that she had obeyed his injunction and forgotten.

II

WAYTHORN, the next morning, went down town earlier than usual. Haskett was not likely to come till the afternoon, but the instinct of flight drove him forth. He meant to stay away all day—he had thoughts of dining at his club. As his door closed behind him he reflected that before he opened it again it would have admitted another man who had as much right to enter it as himself, and the

thought filled him with a physical repugnance. He caught the "elevated" at the employees' hour, and found himself crushed between two layers of pendulous humanity.

At Eighth Street the man facing him wriggled out and another took his place. Waythorn glanced up and saw that it was Gus Varick. The men were so close together that it was impossible to ignore the smile of recognition on Varick's handsome over-blown face. And after all—why not? They had



WAYTHORN MOVED AWAY WITH A GESTURE OF REFUSAL

always been on good terms, and Varick had been divorced before Waythorn's attentions to his wife began. The two exchanged a word on the perennial grievance of the congested trains, and when a seat at their side was miraculously left empty the instinct of self-preservation made Waythorn slip into it after Varick.

The latter drew the stout man's breath of relief. "Lord—I was beginning to feel like a pressed flower." He leaned back, looking unconcernedly at Waythorn. "Sorry to hear that Sellers is knocked out again."

"Sellers?" echoed Waythorn, starting at his partner's name.

Varick looked surprised. "You didn't know he was laid up with the gout?"

"No. I've been away—I only got back last night." Waythorn felt himself reddening in anticipation of the other's smile.

"Ah—yes; to be sure. And Sellers's attack came on two days ago. I'm afraid he's pretty bad. Very awkward for me, as it happens, because he was just putting through a rather important thing for me."

"Ah?" Waythorn wondered vaguely since when Varick had been dealing in "important things." Hitherto he had dabbled only in the shallow pools of speculation, with which Waythorn's office did not usually concern itself.

It occurred to him that Varick might be talking at random, to relieve the strain of their propinquity. That strain was becoming momentarily more apparent to Waythorn, and when, at Cortlandt Street, he caught sight of an acquaintance, and had a sudden vision of the picture he and Varick must present to an initiated eye, he jumped up with a muttered excuse.

"I hope you'll find Sellers better," said Varick civilly, and he stammered back: "If I can be of any use to you—" and let the departing crowd sweep him to the platform.

At his office he heard that Sellers was in fact ill with the gout, and would probably not be able to leave the house for some weeks.

"I'm sorry it should have happened so, Mr. Waythorn," the senior clerk said with affable significance. "Mr. Sellers was very much upset at the idea of giving you such a lot of extra work just now."

"Oh, that's no matter," said Waythorn hastily. He secretly welcomed the pressure of additional business, and was glad to think that, when the day's work was over, he would have to call at his partner's on the way home.

He was late for luncheon, and turned in at the nearest restaurant instead of going to his club. The place was full, and the waiter hurried him to the back of the room to capture the only vacant table. In the cloud of cigar-smoke Waythorn did not at once distinguish his neighbors; but presently, looking about him, he saw Varick seated a few feet off. This time, luckily, they were too

far apart for conversation, and Varick, who faced another way, had probably not even seen him; but there was an irony in their renewed nearness.

Varick was said to be fond of good living, and as Waythorn sat despatching his hurried luncheon he looked across half enviously at the other's leisurely degustation of his meal. When Waythorn first saw him he had been helping himself with critical deliberation to a bit of Camembert at the ideal point of liquefaction, and now, the cheese removed, he was just pouring his *café double* from its little two-storied earthen pot. He poured slowly, his ruddy profile bent above the task, and one beringed white hand steadying the lid of the coffee-pot; then he stretched his other hand to the decanter of cognac at his elbow, filled a liqueur-glass, took a tentative sip, and poured the brandy into his coffee-cup.

Waythorn watched him in a kind of fascination. What was he thinking of—only of the flavor of the coffee and the liqueur? Had the morning's meeting left no more trace in his thoughts than on his face? Had his wife so completely passed out of his life that even this odd encounter with her present husband, within a week after her remarriage, was no more than an incident in his day? And as Waythorn mused, another idea struck him: had Haskett ever met Varick as Varick and he had just met? The recollection of Haskett perturbed him, and he rose and left the restaurant, taking a circuitous way out to escape the placid irony of Varick's nod.

It was after seven when Waythorn reached home. He thought the footman who opened the door looked at him oddly.

"How is Miss Lily?" he asked in haste.

"Doing very well, sir. A gentleman—"

"Tell Barlow to put off dinner for half an hour," Waythorn cut him off, hurrying upstairs.

He went straight to his room and dressed without seeing his wife. When he reached the drawing-room she was there, fresh and radiant. Lily's day had been good; the doctor was not coming back that evening.

At dinner Waythorn told her of Sellers's illness and of the resulting complications. She listened sympathetically, adjuring him not to let himself be overworked, and asking vague feminine questions about the routine of the office. Then she gave him the chronicle of Lily's day; quoted the nurse and doctor, and told him who had called to inquire. He had never seen her more serene and untroubled. It struck him, with a curious pang, that she was very happy in being with him, so happy that she found a childish pleasure in rehearsing the trivial incidents of her day.

After dinner they went to the library, and the servant put the coffee and liqueurs on a low table before her and left the room. She looked singularly soft and girlish in her rosy pale dress, against the dark leather of one of his bachelor armchairs. A day earlier the contrast would have charmed him.

He turned away now, choosing a cigar with affected deliberation.

"Did Haskett come?" he asked, with his back to her.

"Oh, yes—he came."

"You didn't see him, of course?"

She hesitated a moment. "I let the nurse see him."

That was all. There was nothing more to ask. He swung round toward her, applying a match to his cigar. Well, the thing was over for a week, at any rate. He would try not to think of it. She looked up at him, a trifle rosier than usual, with a smile in her eyes.

"Ready for your coffee, dear?"

He leaned against the mantelpiece, watching her as she lifted the coffee-pot. The lamplight struck a gleam from her bracelets and tipped her soft hair with brightness. How light and slender she was, and how each gesture flowed into the next! She seemed a creature all compact of harmonies. As the thought of Haskett receded, Waythorn felt himself yielding again to the joy of possession. They were his, those white hands with their flitting motions, his the light haze of hair, the lips and eyes. . . .

She set down the coffee-pot, and reaching for the decanter of cognac, measured off a liqueur-glass and poured it into his cup.

Waythorn uttered a sudden exclamation.

"What is the matter?" she said, startled.

"Nothing; only—I don't take cognac in my coffee."

"Oh, how stupid of me," she cried.

Their eyes met, and she blushed a sudden agonized red.

III

TEN DAYS later, Mr. Sellers, still house-bound, asked Waythorn to call on his way downtown.

The senior partner, with his swaddled foot propped up by the fire, greeted his associate with an air of embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, my dear fellow; I've got to ask you to do an awkward thing for me."

Waythorn waited, and the other went on, after a pause apparently given to the arrangement of his phrases: "The fact is, when I was knocked out I had just gone into a rather complicated piece of business for—Gus Varick."

"Well?" said Waythorn, with an attempt to put him at his ease.

"Well—it's this way: Varick came to me the day before my attack. He had evidently had an inside tip from somebody, and had made about a hundred thousand. He came to me for advice, and I suggested his going in with Vanderlyn."

"Oh, the deuce!" Waythorn exclaimed. He saw in a flash what had happened. The investment was an alluring one, but required negotiation. He listened quietly while Sellers put the case before him, and, the statement ended, he said: "You think I ought to see Varick?"

"I'm afraid I can't as yet. The doctor is obdurate. And this thing can't wait. I hate to ask you, but no one else in the office knows the ins and outs of it."



A SMALL EFFACED-LOOKING MAN

Waythorn stood silent. He did not care a farthing for the success of Varick's venture, but the honor of the office was to be considered, and he could hardly refuse to oblige his partner.

"Very well," he said, "I'll do it."

That afternoon, apprised by telephone, Varick called at the office. Waythorn, waiting in his private room, wondered what the others thought of it. The newspapers, at the time of Mrs. Waythorn's marriage, had acquainted their readers with every detail of her previous matrimonial ventures, and Waythorn could fancy the clerks smiling behind Varick's back as he was ushered in.

Varick bore himself admirably. He was easy without being undignified, and Waythorn was conscious of cutting a much less impressive figure. Varick had no head for business, and the talk prolonged itself for nearly an hour while Waythorn set forth with scrupulous precision the details of the proposed transaction.

"I'm awfully obliged to you," Varick said as he rose. "The fact is I'm not used to having much money to look after, and I don't want to make an ass of myself—" He smiled, and Waythorn could not help noticing that there was something pleasant about his smile. "It feels uncommonly queer to have enough cash to pay one's bills. I'd have sold my soul for it a few years ago!"

Waythorn winced at the allusion. He had heard it rumored that a lack of funds had been one of the determining causes of the Varick separation, but it did not occur to him that Varick's words were intentional. It seemed more likely that the desire to keep clear of embarrassing topics had fatally drawn him into one. Waythorn did not wish to be outdone in civility.

"We'll do the best we can for you," he said. "I think this is a good thing you're in."

"Oh, I'm sure it's immense. It's awfully good of you—" Varick broke off, embarrassed. "I suppose the thing's settled now—but if—"

"If anything happens before Sellers is about, I'll see you again," said Waythorn quietly. He was glad, in the end, to appear the more self-possessed of the two.

The course of Lily's illness ran smooth, and as the days passed Waythorn grew used to the idea of Haskett's weekly visit. The first time the day came round, he stayed out late, and questioned his wife as to the visit on his return. She replied at once that Haskett had merely seen the nurse downstairs, as the doctor did not wish any one in the child's sick-room till after the crisis.

The following week Waythorn was again conscious of the recurrence of the day, but had forgotten it by the time he came home to dinner. The crisis of the disease came a few days later, with a rapid decline of fever, and the little girl was pronounced out of danger. In the rejoicing which ensued the thought of Haskett passed out of Waythorn's mind and one afternoon, letting himself into the house with a latch-key, he went straight to his library without noticing a shabby hat and umbrella in the hall.

In the library he found a small effaced-looking man with a thinnish gray beard sitting on the edge of a chair. The stranger might have been a piano-tuner, or one of those mysteriously efficient persons who are summoned in emergencies to adjust some detail of the domestic machinery. He blinked at Waythorn through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and said mildly: "Mr. Waythorn, I presume? I am Lily's father."

Waythorn flushed. "Oh—" he stammered uncomfortably. He broke off, disliking to appear rude. Inwardly he was trying to adjust the actual Haskett to the image of him projected by his wife's reminiscences. Waythorn had been allowed to infer that Alice's first husband was a brute.

"I am sorry to intrude," said Haskett, with his over-the-counter politeness.

"Don't mention it," returned Waythorn, collecting himself. "I suppose the nurse has been told?"

"I presume so. I can wait," said Haskett. He had a resigned way of speaking, as though life had worn down his natural powers of resistance.

Waythorn stood on the threshold, nervously pulling off his gloves.

"I'm sorry you've been detained. I will send for the nurse," he said, and as he opened the door he added with an effort: "I'm glad we can give you a good report of Lily." He winced as the *we* slipped out, but Haskett seemed not to notice it.

"Thank you, Mr. Waythorn. It's been an anxious time for me."

"Ah, well, that's past. Soon she'll be able to go to you." Waythorn nodded and passed out.

In his own room, he flung himself down with a groan. He hated the womanish sensibility which made him suffer so acutely from the grotesque chances of life. He had known when he married that his wife's former husbands were both living, and that amid the multiplied contacts of modern existence there were a thousand chances to one that he would run against one or the other, yet he found himself as much disturbed by his brief encounter with Haskett as though the law had not obligingly removed all difficulties in the way of their meeting.

Waythorn sprang up and began to pace the room nervously. He had not suffered half so much from his two meetings with Varick. It was Haskett's presence in his own house that made the situation so intolerable. He stood still, hearing steps in the passage.

"This way, please," he heard the nurse say. Haskett was being taken upstairs, then: not a corner of the house but was open to him. Waythorn dropped into another chair, staring vaguely ahead of him. On his dressing-table stood a photograph of Alice, taken when he had first known her. She was Alice Varick then—how fine and exquisite he had thought her! Those were Varick's pearls about her neck. At Waythorn's instance they had been returned before her marriage. Had Haskett ever given her any trinkets—and what had become of them, Waythorn wondered? He realized suddenly that he knew very little of Haskett's past or present situation; but from the man's appearance and manner of speech he could reconstruct with curious precision the surroundings of Alice's first marriage. And it started him to think that she had, in the background of her life, a phase of existence so different from anything with which he had connected her. Varick, whatever his faults, was a gentleman, in the conventional, traditional sense of the term; the sense which at that moment seemed, oddly enough, to have most meaning to Waythorn. He and Varick had the same social habits, spoke the same language, understood the same allusions. But this other man . . . it was grotesquely uppermost in Waythorn's mind that Haskett had worn a made-up tie attached with an elastic. Why should that ridiculous detail symbolize the whole man? Waythorn was exasperated by his own paltriness, but the fact of the tie expanded, forced itself on him, became as it were the key to Alice's past. He could see her, as Mrs. Haskett, sitting in a "front parlor" furnished in plush, with a pianola, and a copy of "Ben Hur" on the centre-table. He could see her

Waythorn, surprised in his armchair over the evening paper, stared back perplexedly at his visitor.

"You'll excuse my asking to see you," Haskett continued. "But this is my last visit, and I thought if I could have a word with you it would be a better way than writing to Mrs. Waythorn's lawyer."

Waythorn rose uneasily. He did not like the French governess either; but that was irrelevant.

"I am not so sure of that," he returned stiffly; "but since you wish it I will give your message to—my wife." He always hesitated over the possessive pronoun in addressing Haskett.

The latter sighed. "I don't know as that will help much. She didn't like it when I spoke to her."

Waythorn turned red. "When did you see her?" he asked.

"Not since the first day I came to see Lily—right after she was taken sick. I remarked to her then that I didn't like the governess."

Waythorn made no answer. He remembered distinctly that, after that first visit, he had asked his wife if she had seen Haskett. She had lied to him then, but she had respected his wishes since; and the incident cast a curious light on her character. He was sure she would not have seen Haskett that first day if she had divined that Waythorn would object, and the fact that she did not divine it was almost as disagreeable to the latter as the discovery that she had lied to him.

"I don't like the woman," Haskett was repeating with mild persistency. "She ain't straight, Mr. Waythorn—she'll teach the child to be underhand. I've noticed a change in Lily—she's too anxious to please—and she don't always tell the truth. She used to be the straightest child, Mr. Waythorn—" He broke off, his voice a little thick. "Not but what I want her to have a stylish education," he ended.

Waythorn was touched. "I'm sorry, Mr. Haskett; but frankly, I don't quite see what I can do."

Haskett hesitated. Then he laid his hat on the table, and advanced to the hearth-rug, on which Waythorn was standing. There was nothing aggressive in his manner, but he had the solemnity of a timid man resolved on a decisive measure.

"There's just one thing you can do, Mr. Waythorn," he said. "You can remind Mrs. Waythorn that, by the decree of the courts, I am entitled to have a voice in Lily's bringing up." He paused, and went on more deprecatingly: "I'm not the kind to talk about enforcing my rights, Mr. Waythorn. I don't know as I think a man is entitled to rights he hasn't known how to hold on to; but this business of the child is different. I've never let go there—and I never mean to."

The scene left Waythorn deeply shaken. Shamefacedly, in indirect ways, he had been finding out about Haskett; and all that he had learned was favorable. The little man, in order to be near his daughter, had sold out his share in a profitable business in Utica, and accepted a modest clerkship in a New York manufacturing house. He boarded in a shabby street and had few acquaintances. His passion for Lily filled his life. Waythorn felt

that this exploration of Haskett was like groping about with a dark-lantern in his wife's past; but he saw now that there were recesses his lantern had not explored. He had never inquired into the exact circumstances of his wife's first matrimonial rupture. On the surface all had been fair. It was she who had obtained the divorce, and the court had given her the child. But Waythorn knew how many ambiguities such a verdict might cover. The mere fact that Haskett retained a right over his daughter implied an unsuspected compromise. Waythorn was an idealist. He always refused to recognize unpleasant contingencies till he found himself confronted with them, and then he saw them followed by a special train of consequences. His next days were thus haunted, and he determined to try to lay the ghosts by conjuring them up in his wife's presence.

When he repeated Haskett's request a flame of anger passed over her face; but she subdued it instantly and spoke with a slight quiver of outraged motherhood.

"It is very ungentlemanly of him," she said.

The word grated on Waythorn. "That is neither here nor there. It's a bare question of rights."

She murmured: "It's not as if he could ever be a help to Lily—"

Waythorn flushed. This was even less to his taste. "The question is," he repeated, "what authority has he over her?"

She looked downward, twisting herself a little in her seat. "I am willing to see him—I thought you objected," she faltered.

In a flash he understood that she knew the extent of Haskett's claims. Perhaps it was not the first time she had resisted them.

"My objecting has nothing to do with it," he said coldly; "if Haskett has a right to be consulted you must consult him."

She burst into tears, and he saw that she expected him to regard her as a victim.

Haskett did not abuse his rights. Waythorn had felt miserably sure that he would not. But the governess was dismissed, and from time to time the little man



"WHY, HOW DO YOU DO?" SHE SAID WITH A DISTINCT NOTE OF PLEASURE

going to the theatre with Haskett—or perhaps even to a "Church Sociable"—she in a "picture hat" and Haskett in a black frock-coat, a little creased, with the made-up tie on an elastic. On the way home they would stop and look at the illuminated shop-windows, lingering over the photographs of New York actresses. On Sunday afternoons Haskett would take her for a walk, pushing Lily ahead of them in a white enameled perambulator, and Waythorn had a vision of the people they would stop and talk to. He could fancy how pretty Alice must have looked, in a dress adroitly constructed from the hints of a New York fashion-paper; how she must have looked down on the other women, chafing at her life, and secretly feeling that she belonged in a bigger place.

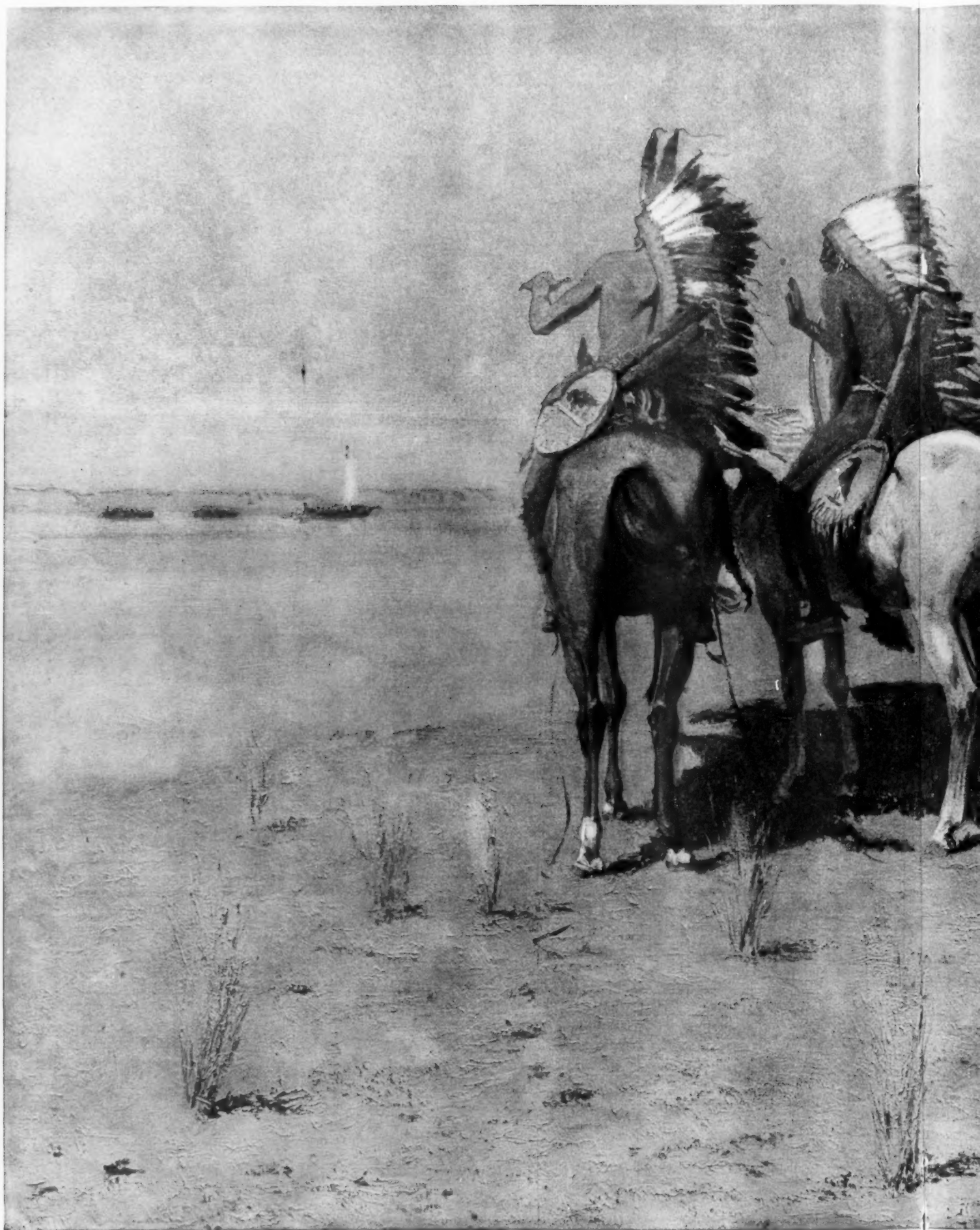
For the moment his foremost thought was one of wonder at the way in which she had shed the phase of existence which her marriage with Haskett implied. It was as if her whole aspect, every gesture, every inflection, every allusion, were a studied negation of that period of her life. If she had denied being married to Haskett, she could hardly have denied more convicted of duplicity than in this obliteration of the self which had been his wife.

Waythorn started up, checking himself in the analysis of her motives. What right had he to create a fantastic effigy of her and then pass judgment on it? She had spoken vaguely of her first marriage as unhappy, had hinted, with becoming reticence, that Haskett had wrought havoc among her young illusions. . . . It was a pity for Waythorn's peace of mind that Haskett's very inoffensiveness shed a new light on the nature of those illusions. A man would rather think that his wife has been brutalized by her first husband than that the process has been reversed.

IV

MR. WAYTHORN, I don't like that French governess of Lily's."

Haskett, subdued and apologetic, stood before Waythorn in the library, revolving his shabby hat in his hand.



This is the first of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers.

THE
INDIANS WATCHING A COMPANY OF FUR TRADE
PAINTED

or February 13 1904



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THE PIONEERS

FUR TRADERS WORKING THEIR WAY UP THE MISSOURI RIVER IN BATEAUX

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

PRINT IN BINDING

demanding an interview with Alice. After the first outburst she accepted the situation with her usual adaptability. Haskett had once reminded Waythorn of the piano-tuner, and Mrs. Waythorn, after a month or two, appeared to class him with that domestic familiar. Waythorn could not but respect the father's tenacity. At first he had tried to cultivate the suspicion that Haskett might be "up to" something, that he had an object in securing a foothold in the house. But in his heart Waythorn was sure of Haskett's single-mindedness; he even guessed in the latter a mild contempt for such advantages as his relation with the Waythorns might offer. Haskett's sincerity of purpose made him invulnerable, and his successor had to accept him as a lien on the property.

Mr. Sellers was sent to Europe to recover from his gout, and Varick's affairs hung on Waythorn's hands. The negotiations were prolonged and complicated; they necessitated frequent conferences between the two men, and the interests of the firm forbade Waythorn's suggesting that his client should transfer his business to another office.

Varick appeared well in the transaction. In moments of relaxation his coarse streak appeared, and Waythorn dreaded his geniality; but in the office he was concise and clear-headed, with a flattering deference to Waythorn's judgment. Their business relations being so affably established, it would have been absurd for the two men to ignore each other in society. The first time they met in a drawing-room, Varick took up their intercourse in the same easy key, and his hostess's grateful glance obliged Waythorn to respond to it. After that they ran across each other frequently, and one evening at a ball Waythorn, wandering through the remoter rooms, came upon Varick seated beside his wife. She colored a little, and faltered in what she was saying; but Varick nodded to Waythorn without rising, and the latter strolled on.

In the carriage, on the way home, he broke out nervously: "I didn't know you spoke to Varick."

Her voice trembled a little. "It's the first time—he happened to be standing near me; I didn't know what to do. It's so awkward, meeting everywhere—and he said you had been very kind about some business."

"That's different," said Waythorn. She paused a moment. "I'll do just as you wish," she returned pliantly. "I thought it would be less awkward to speak to him when we meet."

Her pliancy was beginning to sicken him. Had she really no will of her own—no theory about her relation to these men? She had accepted Haskett—did she mean to accept Varick? It was "less awkward," as she had said, and her instinct was to evade difficulties or to circumvent them. With sudden vividness Waythorn saw how the instinct had developed. She was "as easy as an old shoe"—a shoe that too many feet had worn. Her elasticity was the result of tension in too many different directions. Alice Haskett—Alice Varick—Alice Waythorn—she had been each in turn, and had left hanging to each name a little of her privacy, a little of her personality, a little of the inmost self where the unknown god abides.

"Yes—it's better to speak to Varick," said Waythorn wearily.

V

THE WINTER wore on, and society took advantage of the Waythorns' acceptance of Varick. Harassed hostesses were grateful to them for bridging over a social difficulty, and Mrs. Waythorn was held up as a miracle of good taste. Some experimental spirits could not resist the diversion of throwing Varick and his former wife together, and there were those who thought he found a zest in the propinquity. But Mrs. Waythorn's conduct remained irreproachable. She neither avoided Varick nor sought him out. Even Waythorn could not but admit that she had discovered the solution of the newest social problem.

He had married her without giving much thought to that problem. He had fancied that a woman can shed her past like a man. But now he saw that Alice was bound to hers both by the circumstances which forced her into continued relations with it, and by the traces it had left on her nature. With grim irony, Waythorn compared himself to a member of a syndicate. He held so many shares in his wife's personality and his predecessors were his partners in the business. If there had been any element of passion in the transaction he would have felt less deteriorated by it. The fact that Alice took her change of husbands like a change of weather reduced the situation to mediocrity. He could have

forgiven her for blunders, for excesses; for resisting Haskett, for yielding to Varick; for anything but her acquiescence and her tact. She reminded him of a juggler tossing knives; but the knives were blunt and she knew they would never cut her.

And then, gradually, habit formed a protecting surface for his sensibilities. If he paid for each day's comfort with the small change of his illusions, he grew daily to value the comfort more and set less store upon the coin. He had drifted into a dulling propinquity with Haskett and Varick and he took refuge in the cheap revenge of satirizing the situation. He even began to reckon up the advantages which accrued from it, to ask himself if it were not better to own a third of a wife who knew how to make a man happy than a whole one who had lacked opportunity to acquire the art. For it was an art, and made up, like all others, of concessions, eliminations and embellishments; of lights judiciously thrown and shadows skillfully softened. His wife knew exactly how to manage the lights and he knew exactly to what training she owed her skill. He even tried to trace the source of

sudden leak had that morning given over the drawing room to the plumbers.

He opened his cigar-case and held it out to his visitor, and Haskett's acceptance seemed to mark a fresh stage in their intercourse. The spring evening was chilly, and Waythorn invited his guest to draw up his chair to the fire. He meant to find an excuse to leave Haskett in a moment; but he was tired and cold, and after all the little man no longer jarred on him.

The two were inclosed in the intimacy of their blended cigar-smoke when the door opened and Varick walked into the room. Waythorn rose abruptly. It was the first time that Varick had come to the house, and the surprise of seeing him, combined with the singular inopportune of his arrival, gave a new edge to Waythorn's blunted sensibilities. He stared at his visitor without speaking.

Varick seemed too preoccupied to notice his host's embarrassment.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed in his most expansive tone, "I must apologize for tumbling in on you in this way, but I was too late to catch you down town, and so I thought—" He stopped short, catching sight of Haskett, and his sanguine color deepened to a flush which spread vividly under his scant blond hair. But in a moment he recovered himself and nodded slightly. Haskett returned the bow in silence, and Waythorn was still groping for speech when the footman came in carrying a tea-table.

The intrusion offered a welcome vent to Waythorn's nerves. "What the deuce are you bringing this here for?" he said sharply.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the plumbers are still in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Waythorn said she would have tea in the library." The footman's perfectly respectful tone implied a reflection on Waythorn's reasonableness.

"Oh, very well," said the latter resignedly, and the footman proceeded to open the folding tea-table and set out its complicated appointments. While this interminable process continued the three men stood motionless, watching it with a fascinated stare, till Waythorn, to break the silence, said to Varick: "Won't you have a cigar?"

He held out the case he had just tendered to Haskett, and Varick helped himself with a smile. Waythorn looked about for a match, and finding none, proffered a light from his own cigar. Haskett, in the background, held his ground mildly, examining his cigar-tip now and then, and stepping forward at the right moment to knock its ashes into the fire.

The footman at last withdrew, and Varick immediately began: "If I could just say half a word to you about this business—"

"Certainly," stammered Waythorn; "in the dining-room—"

But as he placed his hand on the door it opened from without, and his wife appeared on the threshold.

She came in fresh and smiling, in her street dress and hat, shedding a fragrance from the boa which she loosened in advancing.

"Shall we have tea in here, dear?" she began; and then she caught sight of Varick. Her smile deepened, veiling a slight tremor of surprise. "Why, how do you do?" she said with a distinct note of pleasure.

As she shook hands with Varick she saw Haskett standing behind him. Her smile faded for a moment, but she recalled it quickly, with a scarcely perceptible side-glance at Waythorn.

"How do you do, Mr. Haskett?" she said, and shook hands with him a shade less cordially.

The three men stood awkwardly before her, till Varick, always the most self-possessed, dashed into an explanatory phrase.

"We—I had to see Waythorn a moment on business," he stammered, brick-red from chin to nape.

Haskett stepped forward with his air of mild obstinacy. "I am sorry to intrude; but you appointed five o'clock—" he directed his resigned glance to the time-piece on the mantel.

She swept aside their embarrassment with a charming gesture of hospitality.

"I'm so sorry—I'm always late; but the afternoon was so lovely." She stood drawing her gloves off, propitiatory and graceful, diffusing about her a sense of ease and familiarity in which the situation lost its grotesqueness. "But before talking business," she added brightly, "I'm sure every one wants a cup of tea."

She dropped into her low chair by the tea-table, and the two visitors, as if drawn by her smile, advanced to receive the cups she held out.

She glanced about for Waythorn, and he took the third cup with a laugh.



his obligations, to discriminate between the influences which had combined to produce his domestic happiness; he perceived that Haskett's commonness had made Alice worship good breeding, while Varick's liberal construction of the marriage bond had taught her to value the conjugal virtues; so that he was directly indebted to his predecessors for the devotion which made his life easy if not inspiring.

From this phase he passed into that of complete acceptance. He ceased to satirize himself, because time dulled the irony of the situation and the joke lost its humor with its sting. Even the sight of Haskett's hat on the hall table had ceased to touch the springs of epigram. The hat was often seen there now, for it had been decided that it was better for Lily's father to visit her than for the little girl to go to his boarding-house. Waythorn, having acquiesced in this arrangement, had been surprised to find how little difference it made. Haskett was never obtrusive, and the few visitors who met him on the stairs were unaware of his identity. Waythorn did not know how often he saw Alice, but with himself Haskett was seldom in contact.

One afternoon, however, he learned on entering that Lily's father was waiting to see him. In the library he found Haskett occupying a chair in his usual provisional way. Waythorn always felt grateful to him for not leaning back.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Waythorn," he said rising. "I wanted to see Mrs. Waythorn about Lily, and your man asked me to wait here till she came in."

"Of course," said Waythorn, remembering that a

"MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN"

A STORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF A HUMAN OCTOPUS

WHEN Flint McClutch bought out Perkins's grocery at the corner of Divinnie Avenue and Fifteenth Street, no one paid much attention to the transfer. The grocery had always done reasonably well in Perkins's hands, and for two years or more before the sale the old man had made a good deal of money, because that part of Fifteenth Street was looking up as a shopping centre. The grocery, the drug store, the drygoods, the shoe dealer, and so on to the hardware store at the corner, were all becoming more and more prosperous, and each proprietor was making a very good living. Perkins was getting on in years, and there was no doubt that he had accumulated a good banking account, for he and his wife had lived for years in the three stories above the grocery, and each of them, like John Gilpin, was of a frugal mind. So with the money he got from McClutch he bought a house in the suburbs, and we may suppose that he lived happy ever after. But be that as it may, we have nothing more to do with them.

The man who took the place of easy-going Perkins was young, and spare almost to leanness, with a wiry activity that made every one along the street feel that he had been hitherto wasting his time. They had been rather a contented lot from the grocery on the one corner to the hardware store on the other, but McClutch had not been long in the neighborhood before they realized that they were in the presence of keen competition, such as they had read about in the papers but not encountered hitherto.

McClutch's activity at once took the form of practically rebuilding the grocery. He put huge sheets of plate-glass in the front windows, where Perkins had contented himself with small panes and more of them. Next he made several windows along Divinnie Avenue where there had been previously merely a blank brick wall. He transposed the upper floors, and, greatest extravagance of all, put in a commodious and swift elevator, a modern invention regarded by the neighbors as entirely out of keeping with the district. They shook their heads doubtfully, and said any fool could spend money, but they would wait and see whether he could earn it as well. But McClutch attended strictly to his own business, and did his own window dressing as well.

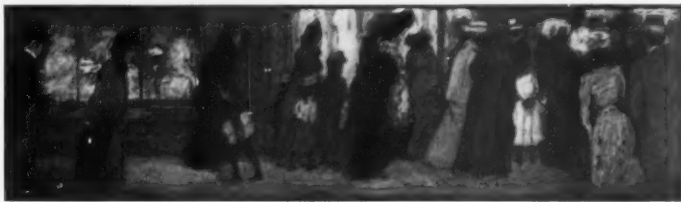
Those sheets of plate-glass were a sight to see, and never did clear glass bottles of fine Californian pears or various colored pickles look so attractive before, and even row upon row of tinned goods took on an appetizing significance when McClutch arranged them in symmetrical battalions. Every one admitted that this was all very grand and very enticing, as indeed was shown by the passers-by who paused to gaze through the plate-glass. But they held that the custom of the neighborhood did not warrant this expenditure of show, and in ordinary cases they would have been right, but it soon was evident that McClutch had no intention of relying on the half-mile radius of custom round his shop which had contented his predecessors. Groceries are staple articles, and one would think there was not much new to be said about them, but McClutch found something new to say. He took two columns every day in the newspapers, and he wrote these advertisements himself, for it was before the days of the advertising experts. As a rule, they were more readable than any other part of the paper, making one's mouth water as one glanced down the attractive list of good things to eat. It did seem as if McClutch had gathered from all quarters of the world the most tempting glass jars of appetizing things that had ever before been housed under one roof, and although those in the trade knew that his prices were not lower than what was asked by anybody else, they certainly seemed lower, for he put them in startling big figures, which gave his readers the idea that unless there was something unusual in the price it would not be so lavishly displayed.

Now, old Perkins had never even had a telephone in his place of business, but McClutch's advertising brought him telephone orders and messenger boy orders, and by and by people in carriages began to stop at the grocery and take home things. Clerk after clerk was added to the staff, and the place became a hive of industry, a hive that speedily proved too small for the workers within, and McClutch built two additional stories on the top of the stout old edifice at the street corner.

There was one feature of McClutch's grocery which caused a good deal of comment in the neighborhood. It was his habit to frame and hang up illuminated mottoes and texts, which was supposed to have a good effect upon the clerks, male and female, and people ridiculed this or praised it according to the way they felt about it.

Comment said that the mottoes were not intended to influence the clerks, but to persuade customers that McClutch dealt in genuine goods, and they said as room became scarce he even sacrificed the texts, and asserted that the frame containing "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," had been put away under the counter, as room became more valuable. But when the two stories were added it resumed its old place on the wall again.

To say that Mr. McClutch was popular with the



By ROBERT BARR

business community of Fifteenth Street would be a palpable misstatement. He was rather the object of a veiled dislike, which may be very readily accounted for, because, as his chief text had it, he was "diligent in business, serving the Lord," and those who are easy-going view with instinctive disfavor the absorbed man wholly concentrated on one object, which is the attainment of success. McClutch was evidently succeeding—even the blindest could see that—and this fact did not mitigate the general feeling held toward him. Nevertheless, this feeling was qualified by self-interest, because McClutch's advent had brought in increased custom to every shop in the block. Every pair of feet that presses the pavement in front of a man's store carries a prospective customer, and McClutch's methods were bringing prospective customers into the neighborhood of Fifteenth Street.

"If ten thousand people a day pass my window," said one, "it is my own fault if I do not make a fortune."

If McClutch didn't make a fortune it wouldn't be his fault, for he was always the first man into his store and the last man out. "Diligent in business," serving himself, every one admitted, but whether he was serving the Lord or not was a disputed question, in spite of the rumor that he taught in Sunday-school during the one day in the week when his establishment was closed.

One morning gossips had it that he had bought out Bromide, the owner of the drug store, and there was speedily no need to inquire as to the authenticity of the news, for right on its heels came a builder with scaffolding poles, men, and materials. The drug store was kept on during the rebuilding, but in an incredibly short space of time the roof was taken off and the whole place reconstructed in architectural accord with the adjoining premises, and the building itself run up toward the sky till it was level with the roof of McClutch's grocery. Doors were driven through partitions, and the two houses were thrown into one. The suave and polite Bromide departed to live in the suburbs as Perkins had done, or to begin anew the compounding of prescriptions or the selling of quack pills. At any rate, he drops out of this story as did the ancient grocer. The five hundred per cent he occasionally received on his wares gave place as soon as the scaffolding was cleared away to small profits and quick returns. Chemists are always secretive men, for a mistake in the mixture of drugs may mean a tragedy, so the mixers are given much to reticence and meditation. Demure little Bromide had kept his own coun-

sel, and so the news of the sale of the drug store came as a shock to the neighborhood. Not so the negotiations with John Tweed, who sold drygoods. He was a talker and a loud talker, occasionally bringing down his fist to emphasize his remarks, and withal he was a shrewd business man who was fairly prosperous. It speedily became known that McClutch had made him an offer for his business, and Tweed had wittily retaliated by proclaiming his readiness to buy out McClutch. Tweed had never concealed his opinion of McClutch.

"He's a grabber, that's what he is," said the drygoods man. "He wants the earth, but he'll learn this is a free country and that other people have the right to earn a living as well as himself. My business is all right, and I'm satisfied with it, and I won't sell out to McClutch or any other man. I'm here to stay, and the sooner he realizes that the more trouble he will save himself."

It was generally recognized along the street that McClutch had at last met his match. The silent man took his defeat gracefully, making no comment, and John Tweed laughed loud and long, as is the right of the winner. McClutch kept on saying nothing, but Tweed did a good deal of talking. He always was sure of appreciative audiences, for public opinion was entirely on his side. However, people can not keep talking always, even about a defeat, and a new event happened upon which general attention was turned to the banishing of all other topics.

One day several huge vans drove up to the front of Jimmy Last's place. Last kept what was known as the "Shoe Emporium" on Fifteenth Street. In a jiffy all of Jimmy's goods were loaded in the vans; even the big signs in front of the place came down and were carted away—"James Last," in large black letters and the "Noted Shoe Emporium," in red and yellow—and before night the place was as empty as a bass-drum. Thus Jolly Jimmy disappeared from Fifteenth Street, and to this day nobody knows where he has gone, so he drops out of the story.

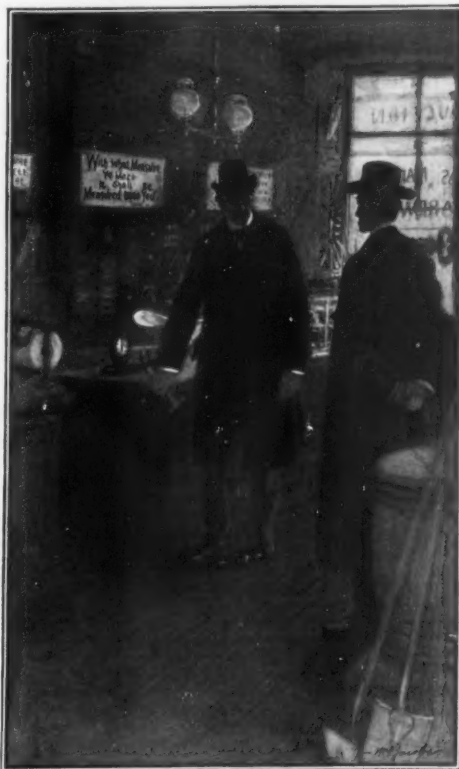
The Noted Shoe Emporium was on the other side of John Tweed's drygoods establishment, and next morning when workmen began to put in plate-glass windows of McClutch's size the street feared the worst, which was at once confirmed by the raising of a sign on the front bearing the words, "Flint McClutch, dealer in the latest novelties in drygoods." Behind the plate-glass windows, most attractively set out, was an array of linens and laces and cloth which proved an irresistible attraction to ladies passing that way, and, what was more to the purpose, they were marked in plain figures, at prices from one-third to one-half less than John Tweed was asking next door. The angry John Tweed possessed the heartfelt sympathy of all who knew him, but nevertheless the sympathizers sneaked into McClutch's store, thinking they might as well profit while the fight was on. Tweed himself said that the contest would not last long; it was impossible for any man to sell at the prices McClutch had put in his windows if he were to offer genuine goods, which Tweed hinted he was not doing. But shrewd buyers are not so easily cheated as some people imagine. They knew the prices of things and knew the quality of the materials.

"McClutch is not a business man," cried John Tweed, bringing down his huge fist, "he's an octopus, that's what he is—an octopus."

And indeed the neighborhood had come to the same conclusion, admitting it with a tremor of fear—all those that stood in the line of march, if an octopus can be said to march; all that is, except Silas Marwood, the hardware man who occupied the premises in the furthest corner from McClutch. He was a prim individual, not given to talk, supposed to be as hard as the ware he dealt in. He was ten years older than McClutch, and was known to be as strictly honest as he was silent and uncommunicative.

The fight between the rival drygoods establishments went on for two weeks. At the beginning of the second week John Tweed marked down his prices even lower than those in the plate-glass windows next door, but that did not stem the rush to McClutch's department, nor could he stand up against the vigorous advertising the octopus was doing. John Tweed found he could not live on boisterous language and sympathy, so at the end of the second week he went quietly to McClutch's business office in the corner grocery, and when he came out he disappeared forever from this story. Next week the builders were at work transforming the two shops into one, building their walls to the level of the main establishment. When this was completed, McClutch sold groceries, boots and shoes, chemicals, drygoods, and other articles too numerous to mention, as the auctioneer's catalogues say. The whole Emporium, as the newspaper in which the advertisement appeared stated, was a tribute to the honesty, energy, and genius of one man.

There is no need to tell how the octopus added tentacle after tentacle, until at last it came up against a wall of iron in the shape of the hardware store at the corner. Silas Marwood was no seeker after sympathy; he kept his own counsel with firmly closed lips. McClutch knew that the fight of his life was coming, and he also said nothing to outsiders. If a battle was inevitable, it would be a silent bat-



"THAT IS THE 'HANDWRITING' ON THE WALL"

Drawn by W. L. JONES

tle. McClutch's procedure was exactly the same as in other cases. One day he called on Silas Marwood and said without introduction: "I wish to buy your business and premises, Mr. Marwood. I need the site for the completion of my building."

"Thank you, Mr. McClutch," replied Marwood grimly. "I do not intend to sell."

"I am in a position to pay you cash down," continued McClutch, "and I will make you a better offer for a speedy adjustment than I may be prepared to do later on."

"Thank you," repeated Marwood, "but I have no desire to sell."

With that Mr. McClutch bowed and took his departure.

Next day he cleared out the goods in the adjoining premises and filled the windows (as it was spring) with the celebrated lawn mowers manufactured by Pushaway & Co., each being marked at the price of seven dollars and a half, whereas, as every one knows, the regular price of a genuine Pushaway is fifteen dollars. Marwood protested to the manufacturers, but learned that McClutch had bought a thousand of them at the regular wholesale price, and that the company were powerless to compel him to sell at a higher figure than he put upon them. They expressed their deep regret at this unfair competition, and there the matter ended.

This was no two weeks' contest and surrender. The fight went on for seven months, at the end of which period a receiver was appointed for the business of Silas Marwood, and notices announcing the sale of stock and premises were put up in the window of the hardware store. When the sale came off McClutch bought the lot practically at his own figure, for there was little competition.

McClutch showed no elation over his victory. It had been a foregone conclusion from the first. "The law allowed it, and the courts awarded it." The day after the sale he was looking over his new purchase when the door opened and Marwood came in with a roll of paper under his arm.

The man was so gaunt, with such a look of exasperation on his face, that McClutch with a shudder stepped back a pace or two, fearing a personal assault, and this fear was not allayed when he saw Marwood go to a shelf and take down a hammer. The other, noticing his action of alarm, laughed somewhat bitterly and said:

"I'll not hurt you, Mr. McClutch. I merely wish to hand over this establishment to you as complete as possible. They tell me you are fond of texts, so I have written some out with my own hand, and am merely going to tack them on to the wall. If you don't like them you can easily take them down again."

And with that Marwood opened a packet of carpet tacks, unrolled his sheets of paper, and tacked three mottoes to the shelves. They were written large, apparently with a brush that had been used for writing addresses and trademarks on wooden packages of goods, and they were so plainly done that one could read them from any part of the shop. As McClutch glanced uneasily at them, he saw that two were identical with the exception of the book, chapter, and verse that pertained to them. The first was Matthew vii, 2, the second Mark iv, 24, and the written words were: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you." The third was Luke vi, 38, and it ran: "For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

"There," said Marwood, waving his hand, "I am somewhat of a Bible student myself. If I had had a penny of money left, I should have had these texts done as the others in your large store are done, but I have no money, and so had to do this on wall-paper with my own hand and my own brush. In my method you see I am still Biblical, for that is the handwriting on the wall for you. God was so anxious that humanity should pay attention to these texts, that he placed them three times almost identically in the New Testament. They are the words of God; God's promise and God's threat. No terser language can be used than is to be found in these three texts. During the past week my family and I have met starvation. That is the measure you have meted out to me, and now, prosperous as you are, God himself has said that you shall starve."

"If you are on the verge of starvation—" began McClutch.

"Starvation itself, if you please," interrupted Marwood.

"Very well," continued McClutch, "if you are starving, you have nothing to thank but your own stubbornness. I offered you an honest price for your property."

"By every law of God or man the property was mine. I built it up, and it belonged to me to do what I pleased with, and I did not choose to sell it to you."

"Pardon me, the property by every law of God or man, as you put it, was no longer yours when you became insolvent, but had to take your place and endeavor to satisfy the claims of your creditors. It was yours to do what you pleased with, you say. Certainly, up to a certain point that is true. You chose to ruin it, and I have bought the debris. Now it is mine by the laws, as you have cited. If you have any complaints to make, do not make them to me but to the Court. For every wrong there is a remedy, so if you can show I have done wrong, you will obtain compensation. I have bought the property and paid for it."

"You mistake me, Mr. McClutch, for I am making complaint neither to you nor to the law, but you are wrong when you say you have bought the property and paid for it. You have bought the property and paid the first instalment."

"I have given my check for the whole amount," said McClutch curtly.

"Let me point out your error," returned the other with an exasperating calmness that was wearing on

the nerves of the man to whom he was talking. McClutch had little patience with an unreasonable person.

"You have paid the first instalment in cash, and thereby satisfied the law of man. Now I have brought you the bill of God which still remains unsettled. There it is, tacked up to your wall," and Marwood waved his hand toward the mottoes, at which McClutch cast a furtive glance every now and then in spite of himself. The handwriting on the wall was brutally plain in its coarse black lettering, painted on with a brush.

"There is your bill," continued Marwood. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." You have measured out to me and my family starvation, therefore starvation will be your lot before you die, because the Lord has said it."

McClutch laughed uneasily. "I think if you saw my balance sheet for the past year you would admit that there is little chance of my being unable to buy bread. Good-morning, Mr. Marwood," and McClutch went to the door and threw it open.

So Marwood passes out of this story, temporarily at least, and so he passed forever out of his hardware shop.

It is delightful to turn from a fanatic and record the deserved progress of a shrewd man of business. McClutch said to himself quite truly that these texts had a spiritual meaning and not a physical one. As the years went on he prospered exceedingly, which prosperity was well earned, for he devoted himself heart and soul to the business. Before five years had passed he had acquired the whole block of land between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets in the one direction, bounded by Divine Avenue and Portland Avenue on the other, and then he erected that enormous building



"THAT'S WHAT I CALL A DINNER FIT FOR A KING"

which is now pointed at with pride by the citizens, which is a triumph for the architect who built it, and the despair of artists who would like to see some beauty even in a commercial edifice.

McClutch was not much of a speaker, but he was induced now and then to address Endeavor Societies and Self-help Associations, where a few words in season do the most good. The audiences saw before them a gaunt, sallow man, who spoke very haltingly, but whose words were golden, and as I have said there were many anecdotes of him in the newspapers and magazines, all having a tendency toward the improvement of the indolent and listless of this world, and goodness knows, the slothful are always with us.

With deep regret it must be set down that when we come to an account of the physical McClutch, the record is extremely unsatisfactory. The chances are that Providence never intended any one man to accumulate a million, and as mankind insists on doing so, they have to pay for it, one way or another. Intense absorption in business, quick lunches rapidly gulped down year after year, began to tell on the constitution of McClutch, although his constitution had originally been one reasonably stalwart. The inner man apparently went on strike. The doctors called it "acute indigestion," but what it amounted to was that the various organs got tired of the burden placed upon them and the inattention given to them, so they said: "We won't play any more," and, of course, if they had kept to that resolution there would have been an end to McClutch, and he, like the others, would have passed out of this story. But science is a resourceful jade, and the medical men took McClutch in hand. They coddled this organ or that until they coaxed it to do at least part of its duty, and the result was that McClutch still stayed in the land of the living, looking like a ghost from the land of the dead. He spent some time at a celebrated European Spa and thought he was cured, but he wasn't. One specialist after another took him in hand. At last the most cele-

brated of them said to him: "The state of your case is simply this: the digestive organs are dormant. You have just been a little long in paying attention to them, but we'll soon pull you through all right."

"I don't see how they can be dormant," said McClutch, "when my yearning for food is incessant. The smell of a chop on the grill is enough to drive me to despair, and yet if I touch it—" McClutch stopped and waved his hand as if language failed him, which indeed it did.

"I know, I know," said the doctor soothingly, "but after all, Mr. McClutch, that is a good symptom rather than a bad one. We will soon be ordering chops for you again."

"I used to be very fond of chops," wailed the millionaire, with the querulous persistence of an invalid in sticking to a subject which he saw the other wished to avoid. "I'd give a hundred thousand willingly to-day if I could eat one. Yet if I so much as taste it, I am in such agony that—"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted the doctor, "you suffer tortures that we all hope are reserved for the wicked in the next world. But you mustn't think of chops just now, and furthermore, you must not think of that big business of yours on Fifteenth Street. You will have to live for a while on good fresh milk diluted with a little mineral water. Do you know Palmerston's Hotel?"

"I never heard of it. If it's a summer resort I've had enough of 'em, and more especially if there's a sulphur spring in the neighborhood. I tell you, doctor, I want a chop, not a glass of rotten sulphur water."

The doctor smiled.

"This place is a little different, Mr. McClutch. It stands on the side of a mountain, but not very high up. There is a magnificent view from their veranda. There are no medicinal springs in the neighborhood, but Palmerston understands cooking for invalids, and you will find him a most capable and entertaining fellow. He gets all his supplies from his own farm, and from one or two agricultural neighbors whom he can depend on. Everything is fresh and good, while the milk is like cream. There are no telephones or telegraphs about the place, thank God, and there are charming walks in every direction. I have a summer cottage near by, and can therefore look after you, if you will spend three months there without ever once thinking of Fifteenth Street."

And so it came about that the millionaire found himself a guest at Palmerston's Hotel. There was a wide view to the south, and back of the hotel rose the primeval forest. A broad veranda ran along the front of the place, and from this opened the public rooms of the hotel, so that one might step out of any one of them upon the long, covered platform which gave such an extended view to the south. Comfortable and cushioned armchairs of a light, summery variety dotted the veranda. Palmerston himself proved to be a genial man, possessing a vast fund of information about the locality and having a repertory of entertaining stories with which he favored his guests, some of whom endured them and others enjoyed them.

One day the millionaire was sitting in his armchair on the veranda facing the dining-room, while Palmerston stood before him endeavoring a little cheerful conversation. McClutch's eyes were fixed on the distant landscape, and his host saw that he was paying little attention to what was being said to him. A confident step came up the veranda and Palmerston turned his head. There approached him a bronzed, bearded man in the neat but rough dress of a farmer, who was quite evidently on terms of good-fellowship with the proprietor of the hotel.

"How are you, Palmerston?" he cried heartily.

"Ah," said the other shaking hands with him, "you're late for lunch to-day."

"That doesn't matter," replied the farmer; "to tell the truth, I care very little for your hygienic luncheons. They may do all right for city people, but I like something more substantial. I have taken the liberty of ordering a beefsteak, cut thick and grilled rare, and covered with fried onions, which I shall wash down with a pint of lager, and that's what I call a dinner fit for a king."

Palmerston laughed.

"Well, here's your order," he said, "one can smell it all over the place," and with that the farmer stepped through the open window into the dining-room. The pungent odor of the onions and the savory smell of the beefsteak indicated that the order was indeed on the dining table.

"Palmerston, give me your arm," came in sharp, irritated tones from the man in the chair. Palmerston whirled round and saw the millionaire sitting, his hands clutching the arms of the easy-chair, while on his haggard face was an expression of such agony as even the hotel-keeper had never seen among his ailing guests. He hastened to the invalid and assisted him on his feet. When they had passed down part of the length of the veranda McClutch asked huskily, "Who is that beast? Surely, you don't keep such animals in your hotel?"

"Oh, that is the farmer from whom we get most of our supplies. He's a first-rate fellow when you know him, a college man who failed in business, but is now making a good thing of life. We are indebted to Silas Marwood for our chickens and our precious eggs, as well as the vegetables that I hope you will soon be able to eat."

"What is his name?" gasped McClutch, stopping in his hobbling walk.

"Silas Marwood. He was in the hardware business, but came a cropper a good many years ago."

"Marwood, Marwood," muttered the millionaire, then in a still lower tone, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

"What did you say?" asked Palmerston.

"Nothing," replied the millionaire, "but I'll sit down here if you don't mind."

Cap'n Bunt laid a course up the bay for Cedarton



THE IMPRESSING OF LOONEY FIPPS

By SEWELL FORD, Author of "Horses Nine," Etc.

THE NORTHEASTER had howled persistently over the Jersey coast for two days and nights when Cap'n Logan, thrusting head and shoulders above the trunk slide of his four-by-five cabin, read on the face of sky and waters the signs of a break.

"She's haulin' to the nuthard, Jowls," he observed, "an' she'll be in the west 'fore noon, sure's fate. Guess we'd better be gittin' up them eel-pots and makin' fer home. Alma'll be dreadful worried about us by this time."

Jowls made no response. He never did. He just sat on the bunk edge and purred his content, blinking in sleepy confidence at Cap'n Bunt's weather forecast. For Jowls, although first mate and crew of the *Uncle Sam*, was only a four-pound cat—a Thomas cat—tail-less and fearless.

Having got into his oilskins, Cap'n Bunt went on deck; that is, he crawled from the tiny cabin up into the diminutive cockpit and took another squint at the weather.

"There's blue in the west, Jowls, 'nough to patch a Dutchman's pants. The wind has drawn, too. Tumble up, Jowls, an' we'll git under way."

Cap'n Bunt talked to his bob-tailed cat much more freely than he would had Jowls been human, for, like most old baymen, he had acquired the habit of silence. And this morning he was in a particularly good humor. Almost any one would have been glad to escape from that stuffy little box after forty-eight hours of pitching and rolling. Besides, they would soon be homeward bound. He wanted to see Alma, the tall, awkward girl who had grown up to look so much as her mother had looked back in '65. Had Alma been getting lonesome again? Or had that long-legged Leander Fipps been hanging around? Cap'n Bunt's eyelids narrowed as he thought of Leander. It was only for a moment, however. A gentle, kindly nature was his. You could see that by a glance at the steady, wide set, gray-blue eyes peering out from under the rim of his yellow sou'wester.

After much manoeuvring in the seaway Cap'n Bunt picked up his last eel-pot, dumped the wriggling mass into the car towing astern, and then, under double reefs, laid a course up the Bay for Cedarton, where were home and Alma.

"We got a thousand clams, Jowls—that's five dollars—an' 'bout a hundred pounds o' eels—that's eight dollars more. Fair wages, eh, Jowls?"

Presumably Jowls agreed, for he curled up beside Cap'n Bunt on the windward rail and watched complacently as the *Uncle Sam*, her nose buried to the eye-bolts and her six inches of lee deck awash, wallowed through the waves.

Thirteen dollars! Surely he could spare a little of that to buy something for Alma on her birthday. She would be twenty next Sunday. She was a good girl, this Alma of his. Did she not keep the cottage tidy? Didn't she make her own dresses? Couldn't she play hymn tunes on the cabinet organ and cook almost as well as her mother had cooked? And she was content to stay at home, too, even if home was only a little story-and-a-half house on one of Cedarton's back streets. She didn't want to run off and work in a factory, leaving him alone. Yes, Alma was a good girl. It should be a new pair of shoes, perhaps.

After Cap'n Bunt had tied up to the Cedarton public wharf, sold his clams and eels, he hastened home, Jowls trotting along in his wake. Alma met him at the gate. Inspected critically, you might not have thought her either handsome or brilliant. Still, her thick hair tied atop her head with a bright ribbon, and her best Sunday dress on, she seemed to the kindly old eyes of Cap'n Bunt the embodiment of all the graces.

"We knew you was home, Dad; we saw your sail as you rounded Long Point," she said.

"We?" echoed Cap'n Bunt.

The girl blushed and looked at the ground.

"Why, yes, Dad—Leander'n me. We—we've been married."

"Leander? Leander who?"

"Why, Leander Fipps, Dad, of course."

"What, Looney Fipps! Alma, you ain't gone an' married Looney Fipps, hev you?"

"Course I have. Leander's in the house there. I thought you'd be some surprised, though."

Surprised! It was hardly the word. Blank amazement, stunned comprehension, sat on the seamed, weather-beaten old face. His Alma married! And to Looney Fipps! He brushed his eyes as if to clear his vision for the better viewing of this catastrophe.

Cap'n Bunt finally allowed himself to be led into the cosey little sitting-room, where a long-legged, loose-jointed, saw-toothed young man lounged comfortably in a big rocking-chair. He of the long legs seemed to take no notice of their advent. His eyes were fixed on the ceiling in an intent, rapt gaze. On one knee was a

"Won't nothin' bring him out of it? Let him smell the camfire bottle, Alma."

Out of her own vague knowledge, Alma did her best to expound the peculiar phenomena attending the inspiration of genius. But Cap'n Bunt only shook his head in a sorrowfully dazed way.

"Yes," he admitted, "I allus knew Looney wa'n't jess right in his top-hammer, but I never did know the identical natur' of his ailment. None o' them Fippes is overbright, anyway, but they've all managed to git along, doin' one thing and another, 'cept Leander. The old man has allus supported him. What's he mean to do, now you'n' him's married?"

"Why he—he's goin' to stay here, Dad. He's brought over all his things. But he's goin' to be rich and famous, some day. He's told me all about it. The editor men, that own the magazines, they're jealous of him because he writes such fine poetry, and they won't print it. But sometime they'll just have to, and then we'll all be proud of knowin' Leander. He does write such beautiful verses. He's had some of 'em printed, too, in the 'Cedarton Banner.' An' he wrote some lovely things about me."

"Did he? Don't he cal'late to do nothin' else?"

"Why, Dad! Poets don't work like common folks."

"Don't, eh?"

If Cap'n Bunt Logan had ideas of his own concerning poets, and it was probable that he did, he found difficulty in putting them into practice. Eloquently did Alma plead the cause of her newly acquired poet-husband. "You won't be cross with him, will you, Dad? And you won't call him Looney any more. I'm goin' to get some sewin' to do, so's to make up for the extry expense, and we'll get along somehow."

So Cap'n Bunt surrendered. But it was a bitter dose. He had always looked upon the Fippes as a shiftless, good-for-nothing lot. Looney he had always held in especial contempt. His attitude toward his new son-in-law was not cordial.

Leander Fipps, poet, did not mind. Daily he found himself slipping into a life of much ease. He was petted, waited upon and lavishly admired by Alma, allowed to do as he pleased by her father. It pleased Leander to rise late in the forenoon, to lounge about the house all day and to read until all hours of the night. He took possession of Cap'n Bunt's easy-chair, permitted himself to be helped first at table, and handed over the weekly paper only after he had finished it himself.

Cap'n Bunt noted that poets had good appetites and were not over fond of using soap and water. Home lost some of its charm for the good old captain. He spent more time in his garden, sat around on the post-office steps longer than usual, and went more frequently down to the clam flats.

This state of affairs had continued for some weeks when, on returning from one of his trips, Cap'n Bunt was informed that Leander had just finished an "awfully beautiful" poem. "It's all about the sea and ships, Dad. You'll think it's just great," declared Alma. "Read it to Dad, Leander."

Leander needed but little urging. Clearing his throat he began impressively:

"The big ship plunged through the wintry sea
And the dolphins played about her lee,"

"What's that, Leander? Dolphins?" queried Cap'n



"OH, PLEASE, DAD, PLEASE DON'T!" INTERRUPTED ALMA

pad of writing-paper and he held a pencil in his hand. "S-s-sh!" Alma made a warning gesture to her father, and whispered: "Don't bother him now, he's been struck."

"Struck?" queried Cap'n Bunt. "How? Plaster fall on him?"

"Dad! You know better! He writes poetry." Alma was towing the captain by his sleeve toward the kitchen.

"But who hit him?" insisted Cap'n Bunt when the door between the two rooms had been closed.

"Oh, Dad! No one hit him; that's just what he calls it when he's goin' to write something. It comes on like a spell."

Bunt. "Don't see many dolphins in winter, do ye? P'raps you mean walrus?"

"I wrote it dolphins, and I meant dolphins," growled Leander, continuing:

"Her wake was white, her masts were bared,
High on her bow the captain stared."

"Queer place for a ship cap'n, on the fo'c'sle," commented the critic.

"Don't care if 'tis," retorted Leander sulkily. "This is poetry."

"Guess I'll have to take yer word fer it, Leander."

"Well, 'tis!"

As the reading of the poem proceeded Cap'n Bunt continued to discover technical errors.

"You told a minit ago about her runnin' under bare poles, an' now you talk 'bout her bellyin' sails," protested Cap'n Bunt.

"Rhymes, don't it?" argued Leander.

"P'raps, but it don't make sense."

"You don't know what poetry is, anyway," Leander's temper was a short one.

"Mebby so, mebbly so. 'Tain't kept me from earnin' a livin' though."

This was a home thrust which made Leander wince.

"You're an old fool," he said hotly, and kicked savagely at Jowls, who, all unconscious of the growing warmth of the debate, was sleeping peacefully on the rug between them. Jowls landed under the sofa, yowling excitedly.

"My cooky pie!" This was about the most forcible expression in Cap'n Bunt's vocabulary. He used it only under great stress of excitement. "Cooky pie!" he repeated. "You—you good-fer-nothin' young—"

"Oh, please, Dad, please don't!" interrupted Alma.

"Alma!" Cap'n Bunt's voice was stern and hoarse.

"You saw him kick Jowls, didn't you?"

"Yes, Dad, but he didn't mean to; he was excited."

Leander, his face flushed angrily, said nothing.

"Excited, was he? Well, well," and Cap'n Bunt paused to give expression to a grim smile. "I know somethin' that's good for that. In fact, it's good for a lot of things that ails him. It's clammin'."

Young man, me an' Jowls sail to-morrow mornin' on the *Uncle Sam*. Now, will you go along with us an' do yer share, or will you pack up an' git out?"

This time Alma pleaded in vain. Cap'n Bunt was calm but firm; Leander must go to work or leave.

In the course of the next few hours Leander's mental state veered from dignified scorn to injured humility. At first he marched loftily out of the house, refusing to be wept over by the agitated Alma. But after a brief visit to his father's home, where Mr. Fipps, Sr., received coldly his proposal to stay until Cap'n Bunt should beg him to return, he reappeared at the cottage. Well, he would starve, that's what he would do. And they should see him do it. Intent on this purpose he sat himself down in the back yard and gazed gloomily at the chicken-house.

Alma, for all her tenderness of heart, was not without a certain shrewdness of head. She dried her tears and proceeded to make clam fritters. Martyrs may have starved themselves, under certain favorable conditions, but surely not with the scent of clam fritters—such clam fritters as Alma could fry, anyway—to tempt them from self-destruction. Supper was barely ready before Leander had relented. Finally, he begged Cap'n Bunt's pardon. He even tried to make friends with Jowls.

Cap'n Bunt viewed these overtures approvingly, but his decree stood unshaken. So Leander Fipps, poet, a roll of oilskins under his arm and dire forebodings in his heart, shipped early next morning on the *Uncle Sam*.

Now in a vague sort of way Leander knew that clamming, at its best, was unpleasant, back-breaking work. He had seen the puffed, water-cracked, calloused hands of baymen. He knew the weight of a clam-rake. He had been seasick on the Bay, too. But to go clamming on the *Uncle Sam*? Well, it was tempting Providence, that was all. For the *Uncle Sam*, instead of being

one of those high-bowed, stanch-ribbed Barnegat sloops which the more prosperous baymen use, was an odd, flat-bottomed, straight-sided little craft of nondescript rig, but steered by a wheel, just like a ship.

Small wonder, then, that Leander slunk aboard as one led to his doom. But it was go or starve, and Leander had tried starving. For the first time in his career he discovered what it really meant to earn his living. When the bay was smooth he stood on the rail



THE SUN DID THINGS TO HIS FACE AND HANDS

and worked back and forth the long, shear-like rake handles, hauling up a hatful of clams now and then and dumping them into the hold. The sun and salt water did things to his face and hands. His eyes burned. His back ached. He whined continual complaints.

"Oh, you'll be all right, soon's you git used to it, Leander," Cap'n Bunt would say encouragingly. "And then, after you git to know it real well, mebbly you can write po'try about it, somethin' that'll have some sense to it."

You should have seen Leander, though, when the bay was too rough for clamming, when a sudden gale sent the white-capped rollers scudding over the shoal waters. Then Leander crawled into the cramped cabin to lie for hours, too frightened to move, too sick to eat, while the *Uncle Sam*, bowing an awkward salute to each wave that lifted her on its crest, and rolling like a log whenever she slid broadside down into the trough, rode out the storm.

"Might be writin' po'try now, Leander. Lots of time for it," Cap'n Bunt suggested.

"I—I don't feel like writin' po'try," groaned Leander. "I just want to die."

Two months filled with experiences like these worked a great change. A most subdued and melancholy individual had Leander become. On shore he meekly kept himself in the background. He said little about his inspired writings, but secretly he sent to various magazines and newspapers thick envelopes filled with manuscript, hoping against hope that some of it would stick.

It was late in September when, on returning from a trip to the clam flats, Cap'n Bunt and Leander were

met at the wharf by Alma. She could hardly wait for the *Uncle Sam* to be made fast before she was aboard.

"Oh, Dad! Oh, Leander! What do you think?"

"One o' them Plymouth Rock pullets of yourn started layin'?" ventured her father.

"No, no; it's about Leander."

Mr. Fipps turned as pale as he could under his sundry coats of tan, but he said no word. Dangling his rubber-booted legs over the *Uncle Sam's* cabin, his mouth open, all his faculties in his ears, he listened.

"I knew it would come," continued Alma, "and it has. There was a real slick lookin' feller called last Monday. 'Does Mr. Leander Fipps, the poet, live here?' says he. 'He does,' says I, 'when he's to home. Just now he's clammin' down the Bay.' Then he told me he was a reporter for a New York paper, and he'd been sent down to find out something about the famous poet of Barnegat Bay. That's you, Leander. For two solid hours he asked questions and I answered 'em. Wanted your picture, too, so I let him take that one you gave me last Christmas, the one where you've got a book on your lap and your hair's all mussed up. He's goin' to put it in the paper. Now what do you think of that?"

Cap'n Bunt did not know what to think, that was clear. He looked curiously at his son-in-law. Leander was standing now, his hands thrust into his pockets. He was holding his head well up. He had squared his shoulders. His chest was thrown out.

"I wisht you hadn't told him I had gone clammin'," he said reprovingly.

"You had, though, Leander."

"Well, you might have called it cruisin'. When is he goin' to print it?"

"Next Sunday, he said."

Eagerly they waited the coming of that Sunday paper. Nor was the waiting in vain. There it was, a whole quarter of a page about "The Bard of Barnegat." There was the picture, too, a little hazy as to detail, but, for all that, Leander to the life. They had printed all about where he was born, how he wrote his poems and what he thought of the magazine editors who refused to buy them. Some of the verses were printed, too, including the "awfully beautiful" one about the dolphins in the wintry sea.

"Mr. Fipps," the article concluded, "has a most versatile genius. His muse, as it were, is ambidextrous, for he is the only poet in America who can rake clams with one hand and at the same time write a sonnet with the other. Also, he is the only living poet who can make 'glimmer' rhyme with 'winter,' and if the State of New Jersey does not appoint him official laureate it will be because the raising of clams and cranberries has crowded out all appreciation of the finer arts."

"There!" declared Alma. "Didn't I tell you, Dad, that we should all be proud of Leander some day?"

But, after all, it was the arrival of the check which completed Leander's triumph, which established for all time, at least within domestic limits, the altar of his genius. For the sum of eight dollars the check was drawn—thirty-two lines of verse at twenty-five cents a line.

"My cooky pie!" exclaimed Cap'n Bunt as signal of his astonishment. "Why, Leander, that's more'n you an' I could make in a week's clammin'."

Leander smiled in a superior way. "It's nothin' to what I'm goin' to make, but it's more'n I shall ever make again by clammin'."

"No, I don't s'pose you'll want to do any more rakin' along with Jowls an' me," assented Cap'n Bunt.

He was quite correct. From that day to this Leander has remained comfortably ashore, sleeping late of mornings, lounging at ease in Cap'n Bunt's big rocker, and accepting as a matter of course the unflagging devotion of Alma.

He has sold no more verses, but there's no telling when the magazine editors will conquer their envy and raise for him the straining flood-gates of fortune. The Bard of Barnegat awaits the day with unfretted soul and a good appetite.

LITERATURE AND THE "QUIET LIFE"

LITERATURE as an art demands for its highest excellence the quiet life," says Mr. Alden in a recent "Editor's Study" in "Harper's"; and adds of the writer, "He can not habitually be a diner-out or the devotee of pleasure. All his contacts with the world at large must be incidental to his master-purpose. . . . More than any one else he loses by active participation in worldly and social affairs beyond what is required of him by a normal conscience and a generous spirit in full sympathy with his kind." This is the old, monastic view of their calling which has been fostered for centuries by writers themselves whose autobiographic fragments are full of regrets that this or that hard circumstance has stood in the way of the great masterpiece which each might have made if he had had the chance. An examination of the occasions and surroundings which lie behind really great books hardly confirms this widely accepted view. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, made the remark that Oxford furnished really ideal conditions to which a writer might retire to accomplish his great work, and yet he could not recall a single great book which those serene surroundings had produced in his time. Of course, he was not referring to books of supreme scholarship. A survey of literature that is notable will refute (with a few exceptions) the theory that the "quiet life" is the necessary condition for the best literary achievement.

Out of the stress of life around the old Globe Theatre, from call-boy to manager, the great Shakespeare wrote his plays. From the whirlpool of public life came Bacon's essays, and Cicero's orations. A desk



By ROBERT BRIDGES

in the South-Sea House and the care of an insane sister could not prevent Lamb from penning his immortal essays.

Among the great moderns, Shelley, Byron, Hugo, Balzac, Dumas were always in the thick of life and conflict. Thackeray was a hard-worked hack for many years, and a persistent diner-out and club-man in the days of his prosperity. Dickens was full of social engagements and keen at inventing amusements for the entertainment of his friends. The greatest novels of George Meredith have not been written in the peaceful seclusion of Box Hill, but in those days of poverty and journalism which were the hard prelude to the serenity and fame of his old age.

The ready answer of the doctrinaire to all these examples is, What colossal things might they not have achieved, if they have done so much in spite of hard conditions!

The harassed soul of the idealist always will cry out for the padded cell in which to achieve his masterpiece, but Nature knows better. The mind and the muscle

both grow stronger from opposition, and the imagination and fancy which are too much sheltered droop and fade.

To turn away from masterpieces to the fiction of the present day, the impartial observer will be convinced that the best of it, the most entertaining and sanest, is not produced by the "quiet life." Kipling, Bourget, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, R. H. Davis, Pierre Loti, Crawford, and Anthony Hope have been more or less globe trotters. Even the great Tolstoi was a soldier and man of affairs in the days when he accumulated the material for his wonderful books.

Of course, they all seek a quiet corner when they want to write, and shun interruption; so does a banker or a bookkeeper when he wants to add figures, or a general when he plans a campaign, or a president when he writes his annual message.

The secret of power in any occupation, whether art or business, is concentration, and concentration is developed by adverse conditions. The quiet life weakens the resisting power of the mind, and concentration degenerates into mere "mooning" and having "great thoughts," which are worth less because they have not been hammered out on the anvil of reality.

There is a certain kind of spurious literature which is merely the recorded vibrations of flabby or diseased nerves—and the "quiet life" helps to produce a lot of it.

But the real thing, with vitality enough to run its course and finish clean and strong, comes from the mind and body trained by active work and contact with the world as it is. The quiet life is a delusion of feeble minds.

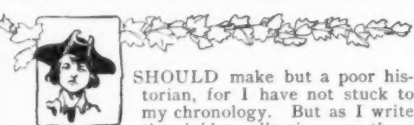
THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Author of "The Crisis"*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LITTLE DAVID RITCHIE, at the opening of this story (told by himself in after life), is living in the Blue Ridge country. Placed under the care of friends in Charlestown pending his father's participation in a campaign against the Cherokees, the boy there learns of the elder Ritchie's death. He runs away, and falls in with a backwoodsman, whose daughter Polly Ann takes a strong liking to him. After her marriage to Tom McChesney, David accompanies the pair in a journey across the mountains to Kentucky. Great dangers attend their travels, the boy and the woman both being obliged to defend themselves with firearms against Indians. While in dire straits one day they are rescued by a party of frontiersmen under George Rogers Clark, with whom they then proceed to Harrodstown. From this place Clark, having organized a band of two hundred Kentuckians and others, sets out to march against Kaskaskia, held by the Frenchman Rocheblave under a British commission. David accompanies the little army as drummer boy and orderly to the commander and plays a conspicuous part in the taking of Kaskaskia, which occurs at the dead of night, Rocheblave being surprised in bed by his captors. Influenced by their priest, the Kaskaskians enthusiastically swear loyalty to the Republic. One of Clark's companies is then sent out to take Cahokia.

CHAPTER XVI.—Davy Goes to Cahokia



IT SHOULD make but a poor historian, for I have not stuck to my chronology. But as I write the vivid recollections are those that I set down. I have forgotten two things of great importance. First, the departure of Father Gibault with several creole gentlemen and a spy of Colonel Clark's for Vincennes, and their triumphant return in August. The sacrifice of the good priest had not been in vain, and he came back with the joyous news of a peaceful conquest. The Stars and Stripes now waved over the fort, and the French themselves had put it there. And the vast stretch of country from that place westward to the Father of Waters was now American.

And that brings me to the second oversight. The surprise and conquest of Cahokia by Bowman and his men was like that of Kaskaskia. And the French there were loyal, too, offering their militia for service in the place of those men of Bowman's company who would not re-enlist. These came to Kaskaskia to join our home-goers, and no sooner had the hundred marched out of the gate and taken up their way for Kentucky than Colonel Clark began the drilling of the new troops.

Captain Leonard Helm was sent to take charge of Vincennes, and Captain Montgomery set out across the mountains for Williamsburg with letters praying the Governor of Virginia to come to our assistance.

For another cloud had risen in the horizon; another problem for Clark to face of greater portent than all the others. A messenger from Captain Bowman at Cahokia came riding down the street on a scraggly French pony, and pulled up before headquarters. The messenger was Sergeant Thomas McChesney, and his long legs almost reached the ground on either side of the little beast. Leaping from the saddle, he seized me in his arms, set me down, and bade me tell Colonel Clark of his arrival.

It was a sultry August morning. Within the hour Colonel Clark and Tom and myself were riding over the dusty trace that wound westward across the common lands of the village, which was known as the Fort Chartres road. The heat-haze shimmered in the distance, and there was no sound in plain or village save the tinkle of a cowbell from the clumps of shade. Colonel Clark rode twenty paces in front, alone, his head bowed with thinking.

"They're coming into Cahokia as thick as bees out'n a gum, Davy," said Tom; "seems like there's thousands of 'em. Nothin' will do 'em but they must see the Colonel—the varmints. And they've got patience, they'll wait 'till the bars git fat. I reckon they 'low Clark's got the armies of Congress behind him. If they knowed," said Tom with a chuckle, "if they knowed that we'd only got seventy of the boys and some hundred Frenchies in the army! I reckon the Colonel's too cute for 'em."

The savages in Cahokia were as the leaves of the forest. Curiosity, that mainspring of the Indian character, had brought the chiefs, big and little, to see with their own eyes the great Captain of the Long Knives. In vain had the faithful Bowman put them off. They would wait. Clark must come. And Clark was coming, for he was not the man to quail at such a crisis. For the crux of the whole matter was here. And if he failed to impress them with his power, with the might of the Congress for which he fought, no man of his would ever see Kentucky again.

As we rode through the bottom under the pecan trees we talked of Polly Ann, Tom and I, and of our little home by the Salt River far to the southward, where we would live in peace when the campaign was over. Tom had written her, painfully enough, an affectionate scrawl, which he sent by one of Captain Linn's men. And I, too, had written. My letter had been about Tom, and how he had become a sergeant, and what a favorite he was with Bowman and the Colonel. Poor Polly Ann! She could not write, but a runner from Harrodstown who was a friend of Tom's had carried all the way to Cahokia, in the pocket with his despatches, a fold of nettle-bark linen. Tom pulled it from the bosom of his hunting-shirt to show me, and in it was a little ring of hair like unto the finest

spun red-gold. This was the message Polly Ann had sent—a message from little Tom as well.

At Prairie du Rocher, at St. Philippe, the inhabitants lined the streets to do homage to this man of strange power who rode, unattended and unafraid, to the council of the savage tribes which had terrorized his people of Kentucky. From the ramparts of Fort Chartres (once one of the mighty chain of strongholds to protect a new France, and now deserted like Massacre), I gazed for the first time in awe at the turgid flood of the Mississippi, and at the lands of the Spanish king beyond. With never ceasing fury the river tore at his clay banks and worried the green islands that braved his charge. And my boyish fancy pictured to itself the monsters which might lie hidden in his muddy depths.

We lay that night in the open at a spring on the bluffs, and the next morning beheld the church tower of Cahokia. A little way from the town we perceived an odd gathering on the road, the yellowed and weathered hunting-shirts of Bowman's company mixed with the motley dress of the creole volunteers. Some of these gentlemen wore the costume of *courseurs de bois*, others had odd regimental coats and hats which had seen much service. Besides, the military was a sober deputation of citizens, and hovering behind the whole a horde of curious, blanketed creoles, come to get a first glimpse of the great white Captain. So escorted, we crossed at the mill, came to a shady street that faced the little river, and stopped at the stone house where Colonel Clark was to abide.

On that day, and for many days more, that street was thronged with warriors. Chiefs in gala dress strutted up and down, feathered and plumed and blanketed, smeared with paint, bedecked with rude jewelry, earrings, and bracelets. From the remote forests of the north they had come, where the cold winds blow off the blue lakes; from the prairies to the east; from the upper running waters, where the Mississippi flows clear and undefiled by the muddy flood; from the villages and wigwams of the sluggish Wabash; and from the sandy, piny country between the great northern seas where Michilimackinac stands guard alone. Sacs and Foxes, Chippeways and Maumies and Missesogies, Puans and Pottawatomes, chiefs and medicine men.

Well might the sleep of the good citizens be disturbed, and the women fear to venture to the creek with their linen and their paddles!

The lives of these people hung in truth upon a slender thing—the bearing of one man. All day long the great chiefs sought an audience with him, but he sent them word that matters would be settled in the council that was to come. All day long the warriors lined the picket fence in front of the house, and more than once Tom McChesney roughly shouldered a lane through them, that timid visitors might pass. Like a pack of wolves, they watched narrowly for any sign of weakness. As for Tom, they were to him as so many dogs.

"Ye varmints!" he cried, "I'll take a blizz'rd at ye if ye don't keep the way clear."

At that they would give back grudgingly with a chorus of grunts, only to close in again as tightly as before. But they came to have a wholesome regard for the sun-browned man with the red hair who guarded the Colonel's privacy. The boy who sat on the doorstep, the son of the great pale-face chief (as they called me), was a never-ending source of comment among them. Once Colonel Clark sent for me. The little front room of this house was not unlike the one we had occupied at Kaskaskia. It had bare walls, a plain table and chairs, and a crucifix in the corner. It served as dining-room, parlor, bedroom, for there was a pallet, too. Now the table was covered with parchments and papers, and beside Colonel Clark sat a grave gentleman of about his own age. As I came into the room Colonel Clark relaxed, turned toward this gentleman and said: "Monsieur Gratiot, behold my commissary-general, my strategist, my financier." And Monsieur Gratiot smiled. He struck me as a man who never let himself go sufficiently to laugh.

"Ah," he said, "Vigo has told me how he settled the question of paper money. He might do something for the Congress in the East."

"Davy is a Scotchman, like John Law," said the Colonel, "and he is a master at perceiving a man's character and business."

"What would you call me, at a venture, Davy?" asked Monsieur Gratiot. He spoke excellent En-

glish with only a slight accent.

"A citizen of the world, like Monsieur Vigo," I answered promptly.

"*Pardieu!*" said Monsieur Gratiot, "you are not far away. Like Monsieur Vigo, I keep a store here at Cahokia. Like Monsieur Vigo, I have traveled much in my day. Do you know where Switzerland is?"

I did not.

"It is a country set like a cluster of jewels in the heart of Europe," said Monsieur Gratiot, "and there are mountains there that rise among the clouds and are covered with perpetual snows. And when the sun sets on those snows they are rubies, and the skies above them sapphires."

"I was born among the mountains, sir," I answered, my pulse quickening at his description, "but they were not so high as those you speak of."

"Then," said Monsieur Gratiot, "you can understand a little my sorrow as a lad when I left it. From Switzerland I went to a foggy place called London. And thence I crossed the ocean to the solemn forests of the north of Canada, where I was many years, and learned the characters of these gentlemen who are looking in upon us." And he waved his arm at the line of peering red faces by the pickets. Monsieur Gratiot smiled at Clark. "And there's another point of resemblance between myself and Monsieur Vigo."

"Have you taken the paper money?" I demanded.

Monsieur Gratiot slapped his linen breeches. "That I have," and this time I thought he was going to laugh. But he did not, though his eyes sparkled. "And do you think that the good Congress will ever repay me, Davy?"

"No, sir," said I.

"*Peste!*" exclaimed Monsieur Gratiot, but he did not seem to be offended or shaken.

"Davy," said Colonel Clark, "we have had enough of predictions for the present. Fetch this letter to Captain Bowman at the garrison up the street." He handed me the letter. "Are you afraid of the Indians?"

"If I were, sir, I would not show it," I said, for he had encouraged me to talk freely to him.

"Avast!" cried the Colonel, as I was going out. "And why not?"

"If I show that I am not afraid of them, sir, they will think that you are the less so."

"There you are for strategy, Gratiot," said Colonel Clark, laughing. "Get out, you rascal!"

Tom was more concerned when I appeared.

"Don't pester 'em, Davy," said he, "fer God's sake don't pester 'em. They're spoilin' fer a fight. Stand back thar, ye critters," he shouted, brandishing his rifle in their faces. "Ugh, I reckon it wouldn't take a horse or a dog to scent ye to-day. Rank b'ar's oil! Kite along, Davy."

Clutching the letter tightly, I slipped between the narrowed ranks, and gained the middle of the street, not without a quickened beat of my heart. Thence I sped, dodging this group and that, until I came to the long log house that was called the garrison. Here our men were stationed, where formerly a squad from an English regiment was quartered. I found Captain Bowman, delivered the letter, and started back again through the brown, dusty street, which lay in the shade of the great forest trees that still lined it, doubling now and again to avoid an idling brave that looked bent upon mischief. For a single mischance might set the tide running to massacre.

I was nearing the gate again, the dust flying from my moccasined feet, the sight of the stalwart Tom giving me courage again. Suddenly, with the deafness of a panther, an Indian shot forward and lifted me high in his arms. To this day I recall my terror as I dangled in mid-air, staring into a hideous face. By intuition I kicked him in the stomach with all my might, and with a howl of surprise and rage his fingers gripped into my flesh. The next thing I remember was being in the dust, suffocated by that odor which he who has known it can never forget. A medley of discordant cries was in my ears. Then I was snatched up, bumped against heads and shoulders, and deposited somewhere. Now it was Tom's face that was close to mine, and the light of a fierce anger was in his blue eyes.

"Did they hurt ye, Davy?" he asked.

I shook my head. Before I could speak he was at the gate again, confronting the mob of savages that swayed against the fence. Behind it the street was filled with



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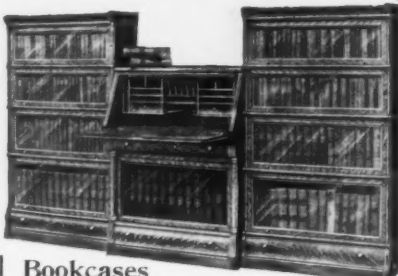
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running figures. A voice of command that I knew well came from behind me. It was Colonel Clark.

"Stay where you are, McChesney!" he shouted, and Tom halted with his hand on the latch.

"With your permission, I will speak to them," said Monsieur Gratiot, who had come out also.

I looked up at him, and he was as calm as when he had joked with me a quarter of an hour since. "Very well," said Clark briefly.

Monsieur Gratiot surveyed him scornfully. "Where is the Hungry Wolf who speaks English?" he said.

There was a stir in the rear ranks, and a lean savage with abnormal cheek-bones pushed forward.

"Hungry Wolf here," he said, with a grunt. "The Hungry Wolf knew the French trader at Michilimackinac," said Monsieur Gratiot.

"He knows that the French trader's word is a true word. Let the Hungry Wolf tell his companions that the Chief of the Long Knives is very angry."

The Hungry Wolf turned, and began to speak. His words, hoarse and resonant, seemed to come from the depths of his body. Presently he paused, and there came an answer from the fiend who had seized me. After that there were many grunts, and the Hungry Wolf turned again.

"The North Wind mean no harm," he answered. "He play with the son of the Great White Chief, and his belly is very sore where the Chief's son kicked him."

"The Chief of the Long Knives will consider the offence," said Monsieur Gratiot, and retired into the house with Colonel Clark. For a full five minutes the Indians waited, impassive. And then Monsieur Gratiot reappeared, alone.

"The Chief of the Long Knives is mercifully inclined to forgive," he said. "It was in play. But there must be no more play with the Chief's son. And the path to the Great Chief's presence must be kept clear."

Again the Hungry Wolf translated. The North Wind grunted and departed in silence, followed by many of his friends. And indeed for a while after that the others kept a passage clear to the gate.

As for the son of the Great White Chief, he sat for a long time that afternoon beside the truck patch of the house. And presently he slipped out by a byway into the street again, among the savages. His heart was bumping in his throat, but a boyish reasoning told him that he must show no fear. And that day he found what his Colonel had long since learned to be true—that in courage is the greater safety. The power of the Great White Chief was such that he allowed his son to go forth alone, and feared not for his life. Even so Clark himself walked among them, nor looked to right or left.

Two nights Colonel Clark sat through, calling now on this man and now on that, and conning the treaties which the English had made with the various tribes—ay, and French and Spanish treaties, too—until he knew them all by heart. There was no haste in what he did, no uneasiness in his manner. He listened to the advice of Monsieur Gratiot and other creole gentlemen of weight, to the Spanish officers who came in their regimentals from St. Louis out of curiosity to see how this man would treat with the tribes. For he spoke of his intentions to none of them, and gained the more respect by it. Within the week the council began. And the scene of the great drama was a field near the village, the background of forest trees. Few plays on the world's stage have held the suspense, few battles the excitement, for those who watched. Here was the spectacle of one strong man's brain pitted against the combined craft of the wilderness. In the midst of a stretch of waving grass was a table, and a young man of six-and-twenty sat there alone. Around him were ranged the gathered tribes, each chief in the order of his importance squatted in the inner circle, their blankets making patches of bright color against the green. Behind the tribes was the little group of hunting-shirts, the men leaning on the barrels of their long rifles, indolent but watchful. Here and there a gay uniform of a Spanish or creole officer, and behind these all the population of the village that dared to show itself.

The ceremonies began with the kindling of the council fire—a fire handed down through unknown centuries of Indian usage. By it nations had been made and unmade, broad lands passed, even as they now might pass. The yellow of its crackling flames was shaded by the summer sun, and the black smoke of it was wafted by the south wind over the forest. Then for three days the chiefs spoke, and a man listened, unmoved. The sound of these orations, wild and fearful to my boyish ear, comes back to me now. Yet there was a cadence in it, a music of notes now falling, now rising to a passion and intensity that thrilled us.

Bad birds flying through the land (the British agents) had besought them to take up the bloody hatchet. They had sinned. They had listened to the lies which the bad birds had told of the Big Knives, they had taken their presents. But now the Great Spirit in His wisdom had brought themselves and the Chief of the Big Knives together. Therefore (suiting the action to the word) they stamped on the bloody belt, and rended in pieces the emblems of the White King across the water. So said the interpreters, as the chiefs one after another tore the miniature British flags which had been given them into bits. On the evening of the third day the White Chief rose in his chair, gazing haughtily about him. There was a deep silence.

"Tell your chiefs," he said, "tell your chiefs that to-morrow I will give them an answer. And upon the manner in which they receive that answer depends the fate of your nations. Good-night."

They rose, and, thronging around him, sought to take his hand. But Clark turned from them.



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DIFFY DAFFY DIALOGUES



Duffy seated beneath his favorite tree

By Bert Leston Taylor

Illustrated by Florence Scovill Shinn

The first three incidents in the experi-
ences of Duffy Down Dilly and the
Scotch gardener, Donald Diffy, were
published in the Christmas Collier's

IV

AT LEAST two opinions may be had
upon the dullest topic, and "Duffy
Down Dilly" was not a dull topic.
At the end of a fortnight he was still the
liveliest subject for discussion by the ve-
randa controversialists of the Waterview
Sanatorium.

Was the young man with the long legs
and long hair and quizzical eyes really
"cracked," as Exhibit D positively declared
him to be? Or was he, as slangily expressed
by Exhibit E, "just stringing them?"

It was hoped that Donald Diffy, the gar-
dener, might shed some light upon the mat-
ter, as he was the only person about the place
with whom Duffy held actual conversation.
But the gardener declined to commit him-
self.

"He has a grand head for figures," was
all the cautious Scotchman was prepared to
swear to.

Unfortunately this, while interesting enough
as a fact, decided nothing; for, as Exhibit A
remarked, there are recorded cases of imbe-
ciles who had grand heads for figures. A
man might be mad as a hatter, and yet be
able to do remarkable "stunts" in mental
arithmetic.

"A grand head for figures," repeated Diffy
to himself, and, seeing Duffy seated on the
lawn bench beneath his favorite tree, the
gardener drifted in that direction.

A freight train loaded with live-stock was
winding slowly along the lake shore. The
engine bell clanged, the wheels shrieked on
the curve, and a pastoral symphony pro-
ceeded from the cars. Sight and sound were
familiar, yet Duffy seemed wholly absorbed
in them, and failed to return the gardener's
salutation.

At last he turned his head, nodded pleas-
antly, and, waving an arm toward the tracks,
remarked: "There's a lot of energy going to
waste."

"Ay," said Diffy, and waited enlightenment.
"Why not hitch those horses and cattle to
the train, and make them draw it?" said
Duffy.

"'Twould be a long time to maket, I'm
thinkin'," was the gardener's comment.

"Your objection, my dear Diffy, is unaca-
demic and prosaic," said Duffy serenely.
"The important fact before our eyes is that
a lot of energy, in the form of steam, is
wasted in hauling something which possesses
the energy to haul itself, if nothing more, and
the question which serious persons like you
and myself must face is, what are we going
to do when this planet of ours runs out of
energy? We can't go on wasting our energy
forever. Some day we'll be sorry for it."

"Nae doot," said Diffy, impressed.

"We used to think," continued Duffy, "that
the total of energy in the universe neither in-
creases nor diminishes; but since the discov-
ery of radium, we men of science have had
to reconstruct nearly all our theories, from
gravitation up—or, rather, down; and it is
now pretty generally agreed that the uni-
verse is slowly but surely running down.
And here is the deplorable fact: We of
Earth are not lifting a finger to help save
it. On the contrary, we are wantonly wast-
ing our allotted energy, and hastening that
dismal day when, through infinite space,
from star to star, there will be nothing
doing."

"I'm thinkin' 'tis a lang way aff," said Diffy
cheerfully.

"Yes; it's a long way off," said Duffy slowly;
"not so far as you may think, but still quite
a way. I could give you the figures, but it
would be a waste of energy to prepare them.
Just see how those horses are hitched!"

The animals referred to faced the sides of
the freight cars. Diffy saw nothing wrong
with this arrangement.

"Notice the way they pull back?" said
Duffy. "The pull is natural, but their side-
wise motion is not. Now, if they faced tow-
ard the rear of the train, as they should,
every backward jerk would help along the

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train just so much, and that amount of energy would be saved to the universe."

"There's something to that," assented Diffy.

"Again," said Daffy, "that brakeman scampering along the tops of the cars wastes energy in at least three ways. Now that the train has stopped, he runs toward the locomotive; energy wasted. When the train is in motion he runs toward the rear; energy worse than wasted. He flaps his arms a dozen times, when once would suffice; again



"That brakeman wastes energy"

energy wasted—power squandered that, properly harnessed, would pump eighteen hundred and sixty-nine gallons of water per hour. Why, the amount of energy which might be saved in a year by equipping that train with electric signals and push buttons would move it from Duluth to New Orleans."

The gardener's face expressed admiration for Daffy's statistical mind.

"Think of the energy wasted in hauling city people into the country every year," continued Daffy. "Why don't these people get out and pull the train, instead of lolling on the car cushions? It would do them as much physical good as rowing a boat around a pond, or running around a tennis court, and it would save the energy wasted in steam power."

"Ay, but wudna—" Diffy began. "Energy is also wasted," went on Daffy, "when the engine bell is rung more than is necessary, as it always is. The engine bell, by the way, is a curious thing. When the train is moving slowly, less than ten miles an hour, the bell swings precisely as far one way as the other, but as the speed of the train increases, the forward swing of the bell becomes shorter and the backward swing longer, until at last it swings only one way. Now, you would naturally suppose that, swinging only one way, it would turn over. But it doesn't. That's the curious part of it."

While the gardener was straining his mind by trying to imagine a bell which swung only one way and still kept right side up, Daffy lighted a fresh cigar.

"Another curious thing," he resumed, "is a car wheel, or rather two car wheels, for the wheels are shrunk on the axle, and the combination is one solid piece of steel. In spite of this fact, the inside wheel, when the train is rounding a curve, turns slower than the outside wheel, because the outer rail is longer, and the outside wheel has further to travel."

"Hoots!" cried Diffy. "Hoot away; such are the facts," said Daffy calmly. "Pause a moment and reflect, and you will see that it must be so. The result is a strain on the inside wheel, because it has to hold back, and if the curve were continuous for any great distance the wheel would twist off. But we civil engineers now apprehend this peril, and prepare against it by the 'compensating curve.' You have noticed, when riding on the rail, that a curve to the left is answered, as soon as possible, by a curve to the right. This equalizes the wheel twist. You will find something of the same sort in



"He thinks his room is a prison"

music. In a fugue the subject is answered by the countersubject, which prevents the subject from twisting off into nothingness. Thus we may see, as Touchstone says, how the world works."

"Ay," said Diffy. "'Tis wonderful."

"Who's that chap?" asked Daffy.

A lanky individual, whose somewhat disordered dress was daubed with paint, was crossing the lawn toward the Sanatorium.

"He's a painter," replied Diffy.

"Sign or studio tea?"

"A house painter, I'm thinkin'. Puir mon, he's daft. He thinks his room is a prison, and he spends his time pentin' a door on the wa'."

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The True Story of the Invention of Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums Told by Geo. H. Wilson, the Inventor.

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense, and yet did me no good. I tried all the artificial appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

My case was pronounced incurable!

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

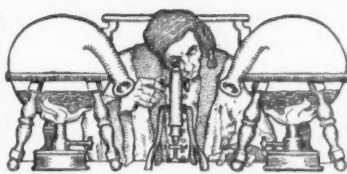
With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful; I am a cured, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

With my device I can cure deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accident. My invention not only cures, but at once stops the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest aural surgeons in the world recommend it, as well as physicians of all schools. It will do for you what no medicine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to place my 190 page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to anyone whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station in life—ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and state, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will convince you that the cure of deafness has at last been solved by my invention.

Don't delay; write for the free book today and address my firm—The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1445 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.



NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A new discovery which may result in dispelling fogs as well as in compelling rain.

TO MAKE fogs roll away and vanish like Arabs who have folded their tents, and to compel rain to fall from hesitating clouds, are two exceedingly desirable feats which science has repeatedly tried but has thus far failed to accomplish.

Now, however, comes Sir Oliver Lodge, one of England's highest authorities on electricity, and, with an air of confidence, avers that there is no reason to despair, especially as regards the mastering of dangerous fogs.

He believes that he has found a way to electrify the atmosphere on a large scale, and, experimentally at any rate, he has actually demonstrated his ability to make a thick mist disappear as precipitately and silently as a ghost that feels the morning air.

One of his experiments, conducted inside a bell-jar before the Physical Society in London, is only edifying, perhaps, to the scientific mind; but another, in which he caused electric discharges emanating from a flame at the summit of a tall mast to eat a hole more than three hundred feet across in the midst of a dense fog at Liverpool, appears more convincing to the everyday practical understanding.

As usually happens in such matters, the only thing demanded is more power. A high potential is required to drive the electricity from the distributing point for great distances through the air. With the aid of dynamos, and suitable transforming apparatus for turning a powerful alternating into a straightaway current (and he finds that the Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor lamps well serve this purpose), Sir Oliver would undertake to clear away the fog from a river or a harbor, or at least from so much of the surface of a river or a harbor as might be needed for safe navigation.

The utility of such an achievement needs no statement for anybody who has ever been imprisoned in a ferryboat during a heavy fog on one of our crowded rivers. To have the air kept clear in foggy weather by means of positive electric discharges emanating from one shore, and negative ones from the other shore (which is Sir Oliver Lodge's suggested method), would be as admirable and useful a triumph of practical science as any that has been witnessed in a long time.

As to making it rain when rain is averse to falling, although the same principle would be involved—that of the condensation of mist into drops through electrical action—Sir Oliver contents himself with the bare suggestion of a possibility; for, while he has bored an electric hole in a real outdoor fog, the only cloud he has as yet succeeded in electrifying and compelling to yield up its moisture in the form of drops was a very small artificial specimen inclosed in glass.

But he evidently believes in the old adage which says that it is the first step which costs. After a principle has been demonstrated it only remains to apply it—if you can. Sometimes the application is easier than was the discovery of the principle, and sometimes it is harder. In this particular case it seems likely to prove harder.

The qualities of radium seem to fulfill the wildest dreams of the ancient alchemists.

THE report of an established industry for manufacturing radium in Germany and France suggests the possibility of changes in several of our sciences that will be somewhat revolutionizing. As a substitute for the X-ray apparatus in surgery, radium is superior in every way, being more convenient to handle and more effective than the best Roentgen rays. If it can be manufactured cheap enough, it promises also to displace the electric light for special forms of lighting, while its emission of heat rays without losing its weight will make it invaluable for many other purposes.

But meanwhile it continues to be the most costly thing in the world, variously estimated at three to five million dollars per pound. Even with several factories established to manufacture it, the commercial price is two thousand dollars per gram. At this excessive price, however, the manufacturers are not likely to get rich, for several thousand tons of ore must be treated before a single gram of the new material is obtained. There is then a certain elusive quality about the substance, which might at the last moment nullify all the efforts made to capture it. In some inexplicable way, radium has the ability to disappear—vanish, as it were—just at the point when the workmen are sure of extracting it from the ore. A month's work may thus be lost in a critical moment.

Meanwhile, as a puzzle radium continues to excite the world. It is apparently making havoc with our notions of old-fashioned chemistry. It has already threatened the old laws of the conservation of energy and our conceptions of the universe composed of atoms. But only recently, it has given another rude shock to the world of science. Somebody has changed radium into helium, thus actually realizing the dream of the ancient alchemists. For so many years we have ridiculed the visionary dreams of the early alchemists, who spent their days and nights in the vain attempt at the transmutation of elements, that it is a little shock to our in-

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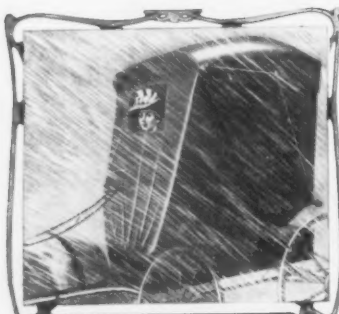
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tellect to hear such an eminent scientist as Sir William Ramsay summing up the new radium puzzle as follows: "What is this but an actual case of that transmutation of one element into another in which the ancient alchemists believed when they painfully sought to change lead into gold, and incidentally founded the modern science of chemistry?"

Camphor balls may now be made from turpentine at a very low cost of production.

EVERY one is familiar with "moth balls," or tar camphor, as it is usually called, the only substitute for genuine camphor now on the market. For some time past a chemical company's development and experiment station at Niagara Falls has been working on the problem of making real camphor from turpentine. The only difference between the two is the apparently slight one of one atom of oxygen, more or less. On a chance discovery of the odor of camphor, while working on the synthesis of essential oils, has the process been based which now seems to be on the point of commercial success.

For two years the process was developed in the laboratory, and at the end of that time was far enough advanced to justify the erection of the small plant capable of turning out one hundred pounds of camphor a day. A commercial plant has now been designed and built, and, although the company now faces some unforeseen practical difficulties, there is no doubt that the transformation of turpentine into camphor will soon be done by the wholesale. Although the details of the process are shrouded in secrecy, as are nearly all electro-chemical manufactures, it is known that about twenty-five or thirty per cent of the weight of turpentine used is obtained as camphor.

The finished camphor will be sold at a lower price than the natural, and as there is no difference whatever between the two, it can be used wherever the natural gum is now employed.

Chinese "dragons' teeth" appear to have belonged to animals of past geological periods.

THERE are indications that the opening up of China to Western civilization will be accompanied by scientific discoveries of great importance. Some interesting scientific facts have come to light in examining the so-called dragons' teeth of the Chinese drug stores. A study of these teeth shows that they come from various animals, many of them belonging to past geological periods. Among the number are deer, antelopes, pigs, the two-toed horse, and ancestral forms of the camel. A part of these remains appears to be obtained from caverns, a part from the loess and alluvial deposits, and a part from the older geological formations. The facts already discovered, and those which may come to light in the future, will have great importance in determining the places where the various types of animals originated. Thus it has been supposed that the antelopes of Africa originated in that country, but the fact that teeth belonging to antelopes of the African type are found in China lends color to the belief of Professor Huxley that the African antelope was originally a migrant from Asia. Again, it is suggestive to find remains of the ancestral camels in a region between North America—the place of origin of the camel family—and the countries where camels are common to-day, more especially when we remember that the northeastern corner of Asia and the northwestern part of North America were once much nearer together than they are at the present time.

THE VALENTINE MAN

By Frank L. Stanton

WHAR do he live at—de Valentine Man?
Knows ever'body what live in de lan!
Reads 'em dey history—upside en down—
Finds out dey number—de street en de town—
But nobody ever has shook dat man's han':—
Oh, whar do he live at—de Valentine Man?

He here en he dar, en he des ever whar,
But he hide des ez quick ez a storm hide a star!
He sen' you de letter. You say: "Whar he at?"
En de boy say, what bring it: "He live in his hat!"
I unniest feller in all de big lan'—
Oh, whar do he live at—de Valentine Man?

I wish I could find him—I wish I could see
De man what been foolin' de whole worl' en me!
I wish I could find out one word er his name—
Kaze I done lost my sweetheart, en he's what's ter blame!
But no man has seen him in all de big lan'—
Dis hidin'-out feller—de Valentine Man!

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leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is pure and wholesome. Don't be cheated with cheap goods.—Ad.
The Fruity product of the American Wine Co., St. Louis: Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. Suits every taste.—Ad.

The Mother's Friend
when nature's supply fails, is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.—Ad.

How I Grew Tall

A Startling Story Which Will Interest All Who Are Short

The Height of Either Sex Can Quickly Be Increased from Two to Five Inches. These Marvelous Results Can Be Accomplished at Home Without the Knowledge of Your Most Intimate Friends.

THE FREE BOOK TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT IT



MR. K. LEO MINGES.

Inventors, scientists and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparatively young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges, by name, to discover what so many others had failed to do. Mr. Minges resides in Rochester, N. Y., and has devoted the best part of his life in studying and experimenting on the Cartilage, and his great efforts have at last been crowned with success. A large company, composed of Rochester's leading citizens, has been formed for the purpose of placing Mr. Minges's discoveries and inventions before the public, so that now it is possible for any lady or gentleman who is short to increase her or his height from two to five inches. These results are absolutely guaranteed.

Mr. Minges has successfully used his method on himself, and has grown from a short, stunted boy to a handsome, robust man of six feet one inch in height. Thousands of people living in all parts of the world are using his method with equally startling results. Let us send you the absolute proof of the above statements. We have just issued a beautifully illustrated book, entitled "The Secret of How to Grow Tall," which contains information that will surprise you. Ten thousand of these remarkable books will be given away absolutely free of charge in order to introduce them. If you fail to receive a copy, you will always regret it. This great book tells how Mr. Minges made his wonderful discovery. It tells how you can increase your height and build up the entire system. It contains the pictures and statements of many who have used this method. After you receive the book you will thank us the longest day you live for having placed within your reach this great opportunity. Remember, a postal card will bring it to your very door, all charges prepaid. All correspondence strictly confidential, and sent in plain envelopes. If you wish a free copy of this book and the proof of our claims, write today. Address: The Cartilage Co., Dept. 353 D. B., Rochester, N. Y.

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Schlitz



A Doctor's Reasons

Patient: "Why do you say Schlitz beer? Isn't any other beer as good?"

Doctor: "Perhaps; but I don't know it. I do know that Schlitz beer is pure."

Patient: "What do you mean by pure?"

Doctor: "I mean free from germs. Impurity means bacilli; and in a saccharine product like beer bacilli multiply rapidly. I do not recommend a beer that may contain them."

Patient: "How do you know that Schlitz beer is pure?"

Doctor: "I have seen it brewed. Cleanliness is carried to extremes in that brewery. The beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. The beer is then

filtered. Yet, after all these precautions, every bottle is sterilized—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed. I know that beer treated in that way is pure."

Patient: "And is pure beer good for me?"

Doctor: "It is good for anybody. The hops form a tonic; the barley a food. The trifle of alcohol is an aid to digestion. And the custom of drinking beer supplies the body with fluid to wash out the waste. People who don't drink beer seldom drink enough fluid of any kind. A great deal of ill-health is caused by the lack of it."

Patient: "But doesn't beer cause biliousness?"

Doctor: "Not Schlitz Beer. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer that is insufficiently aged. But Schlitz beer is always aged for months before it is marketed."

Ask for the brewery bottling.

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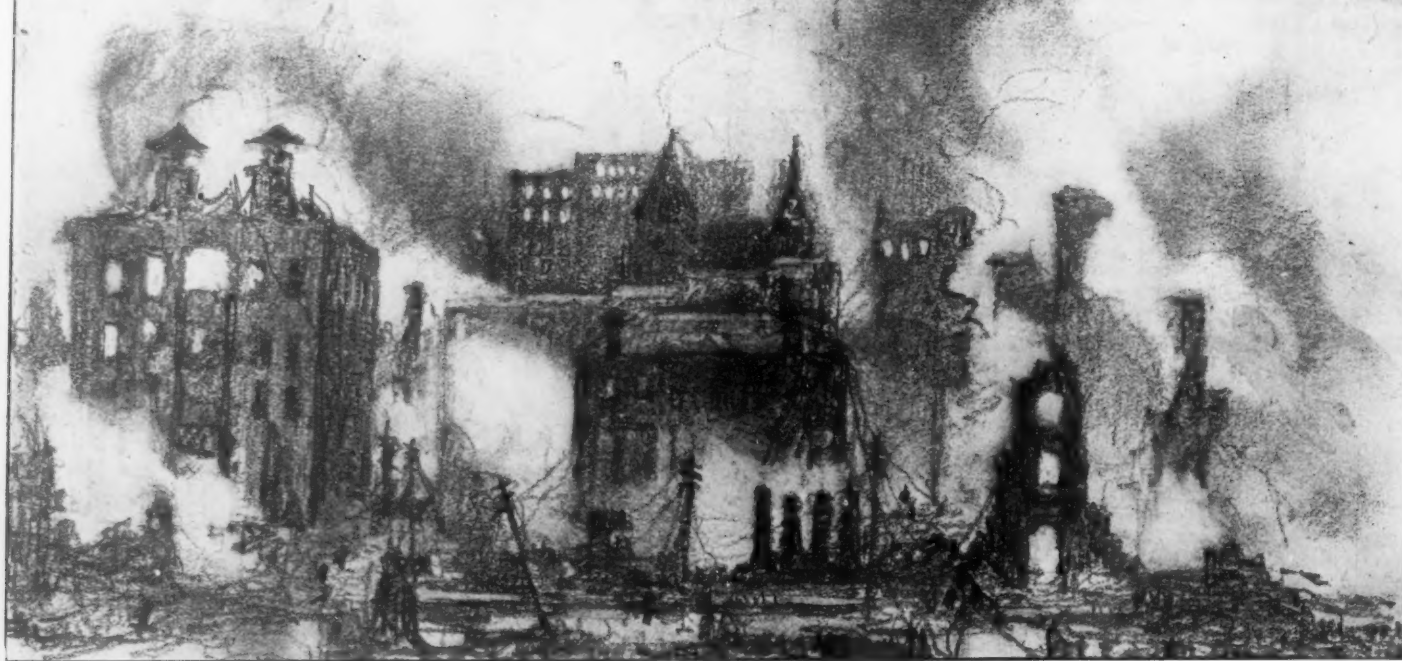
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A WRECKED FIRE ENGINE

THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE



HOLLIDAY STREET

DRAWN BY ALLEN T. TRUE

SOUTH STREET

This view is from the dome gallery of the City Hall, looking south. The large building on the left is Baltimore's Chamber of Commerce, which was entirely gutted by the flames. In the centre of the picture the large buildings (between Holliday and South Streets) are, from the back forward, the Merchants' National Bank, the Freeman Insurance Company's Building, the Farmers and Planters' Bank, and the Safe Deposit Building. The four columns represent all that stands of the "Sun" Building. The three arches across South Street mark the ruins of the "American" Building. Back of the "American" Building are seen the houses along German Street—the Wall Street of Baltimore.

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

As soon as it became evident on Sunday evening, February 7, that the fire in Baltimore was assuming the dimensions of a national calamity, Collier's immediately despatched to the scene a correspondent with a corps of artists and photographers and made preparations to issue the present extra. Mr. David Graham Phillips was the writer chosen to describe the calamity, while the photographers sent from New York were E. J. Levick, G. G. Bain, George P. Hall & Son, N. Lazarnick, James Burton, and R. C. Penfield. Our special Washington photographer, B. M. Cline-dinst, and his staff were also sent from that city. Arrangements were then made over the long-distance telephone with Mr. Howard Pyle, at Wilmington, Del., to assign a number of the students from his art classes to make sketches of scenes that no camera could reproduce. The artists who went to Baltimore for Collier's were Allen T. True, W. J. Aylward, A. E. Becher, Thornton Oakley, N. C. Wyeth, and H. J. Peck.



MILITIAMAN ON GUARD

DRAWN BY A. E. BECHER

ON Sunday and Monday, February 7th and 8th, the question whether the American city of to-day can be wasted by such fires as those at Chicago in 1871, and at Boston in 1872, was put and answered. The answer is the still blazing ruins of 150 acres of the most substantially built part of Baltimore—Baltimore, the sixth city in the United States. About one-fourth of the total value of its real estate improvements, upward of \$60,000,000, has vanished. Not a soul of its 550,000 but feels the staggering blow; upward of half of these are suddenly faced with grave inconvenience in their financial affairs; many thousands are overwhelmed.

No array of figures could accurately express even the financial loss. And the direct financial loss is the least part of a calamity that includes hundreds of businesses wiped out, thousands of well-paying positions abolished, millions of trade abruptly suspended, a large part of it for years.

The fire began in the skyscraper occupied by John E. Hurst & Co., wholesale dealers in drygoods. It was situated in Hopkins Place, a considerable side thoroughfare, near Baltimore Street, which divides the retail district of the business city from the whole-

sale. From the Hurst & Company building the beautiful residential part of Baltimore lies to the north and west; the handsome wholesaling, banking, and large business part lies to the south and east.

At 10:48 on Sunday morning the automatic fire alarm in this centrally located building registered a fire in the basement. The Salvage Corps, arriving three minutes later and about a minute ahead of the first fire engine, found the lower part of the building filled with flames. Ten minutes later the lofty

structure was like a huge fire-lined, fire-emitting chimney, pierced by a hundred holes, yet sending skyward a huge column of flame and smoke, and burning wood and goods. A general alarm was sent in, and before the flames had really spread to any other building, every fire engine in Baltimore was there and the lines of battle were squarely drawn.

When that huge skyscraper volcano was fairly under way, it had choice of two paths by which to send forth destruction. To the north and west were the homes of the rich and the well-to-do, and of these Baltimore has full as many as the other cities of this prosperous country. To the south and east lay the easier path—the business buildings, compact, and, as it was Sunday, divested of their swarms of tenants, who on a week day might have got out on the roofs and manned buckets at the windows, and so have extinguished the brands as they fell. The wind decided the path of the fire—a thirty-mile breeze blowing from a little north of west. It was the business part of the city—to the south and east—that was destroyed.

The Hurst skyscraper was a fireproof structure. But the floors fell one after another with crashes like explosions of whole magazines of gunpowder, and the solid, fireproof walls became the walls of a draft-chimney. The thousands of cases and bales and bolts of goods, the woodwork and furniture, were drawn upward, were lifted, blazing and burning, high into the air, were by the stiff breeze whirled from the enormous overhanging umbrella of smoke, were scattered far and wide over the roofs.

Like all our progressive cities, Baltimore is a mingling of the old with the new, of wood and almost equally inflammable brick edifices with the fireproof skyscrapers of structural steel. As in all our cities, East and West, North and South, each fireproof building or group of fireproof buildings is surrounded by inflammable buildings. As soon as the Hurst volcano was working, a score of fires broke out at once to the



THE CONTINENTAL TRUST COMPANY

This building, although recently "tested" and pronounced fireproof, was entirely gutted.

DRAWN BY ALLEN T. TRUE



BALTIMORE AND GAY STREETS, LOOKING TOWARD THE CITY HALL
DRAWN BY A. E. BECHER

east and south—fires on top of and in the cornices and sills of the non-fireproof buildings. And presently the enormous heat from the fiercest of these fires set off the inflammable material in the fire-surrounded skyscrapers.

Now, the skyscraper is not fireproof against this sort of attack. Its walls and ceilings and floors may not burn, but they can not but warp and twist; and floors and ceilings fall, creating a stupendous draught. Thus, within two hours of the opening up of the first volcano, a dozen just like it had opened up. And the mouth of each crater, high in air, was pouring forth sparks like a heavy rain, brands by the dozen; and the brisk wind was carrying these far and wide. The skyscrapers, so safe in ordinary fires, had become the furious, the irresistible spreaders of conflagration. Sometimes a particularly well-built skyscraper would stand for an hour, stubbornly resisting the encroachments of the sea of flame. Then, all at once its sullen darkness would grow red, would burst into a blaze, and the fire would have won a new ally.

When the conflagration began most of the people of Baltimore were at church. The news spread, the uneasy congregations melted away, the streets filled, and before the police lines could be firmly established, tens of thousands of people had poured in close to the great lake of fire—so close that descending sparks and brands ignited clothing. As the hours passed and the driven-back crowds were massed at the nearest points of safety—so far from the fire that they could not see it, yet near enough to feel an intense heat—a realization of the calamity came over them. Hundreds dropped on their knees in the streets and prayed aloud—some that the wind might not change and so sweep destruction into the homes of Baltimore, others that the conflagration might abate before they should have lost their means of living.

It was not until toward the middle of the afternoon

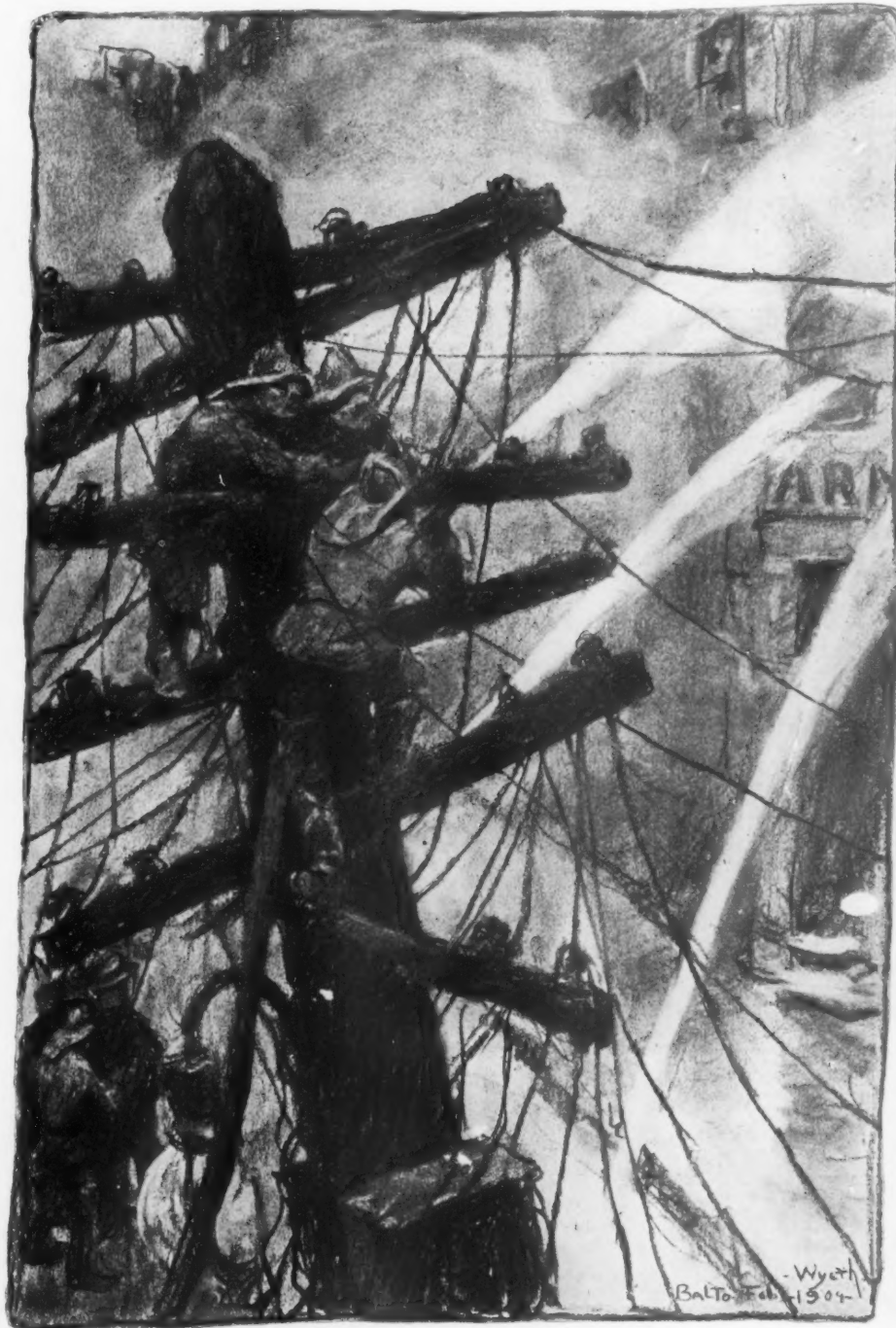


A VISTA OF RUINS
DRAWN BY H. A. PECK

that the firemen admitted that they had lost control. Indeed, they had never had control. A glance at the map of the burned district, with the direction of the wind in mind, makes it clear that from the very outset neither that fire department nor any other could, in those conditions, have halted that fire. However, when the firemen, no longer able even to approach nearer than eight blocks of the conflagration, told the Mayor that their delugings of water were of no avail, the attempt to fight fire with dynamite was made.

And now, hour after hour, two forces of destruction battled each against the other. Eight or ten blocks in

removing every movable valuable thing from in front of the fire. They realized that the only hope of saving money and papers and the like was to get them far away to the north—far away, because the wind might change. Thus the streets in advance of the flames were thronged with men and carts and trucks, were littered with cast-away valuables. It was as if news had come of an approaching army of robbers, and every one was hurrying the most valuable of his belongings to the citadel. Here was an opportunity for a display of sordid selfishness, for battles over means of transportation. Yet, so far as is known, only the spirit



FIGHTING THE FIRE FROM THE TELEPHONE POLES

DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

advance of the fire, the firemen would mine a line of buildings, would blow them up—and high above the roar of the conflagration would sound the terrific cannonade from those explosives. Then there would be a pause on the part of the fire fighters. At the rate of about three-quarters of an hour to the square, the conflagration would advance its huge billowing, waving, hissing front until it reached the gap made by the dynamite. Without pause it would fling forward upon the wind a multitude of torches, and soon the gap would be swallowed up, and the retreating dynamiters would try again further back, only to fail once more.

All this time merchants and bankers, directing and working with their hastily assembled employees, were

of helpfulness was exhibited. The less lucky in securing trucks and carts cheerfully helped the more lucky to load; the more lucky generously yielded space to the less lucky.

But the looters came—and then the soldiers, ordered out by the Governor as soon as he got word of the situation. And as the conflagration grew, and the perils of the streets on all sides, far and near, increased, the soldiers drew the lines more strictly. Against each barrier of bayonets pressed crowds of men whose all was about to be consumed. They pleaded, they wept, they tried to fight their way through. This, although the lines of soldiers were far within the line of comfort—in fact, were so near to the flames that a heat



JOHN E. HURST & CO.'S BUILDING—WHERE THE FIRE STARTED



THE CENTRE OF THE CITY'S BUSINESS



LOOKING DOWN CHARLES STREET



PLAYING ON THE RUINS OF A



DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO THE FIREMEN



MILITIA GOING ON GUARD D

THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE



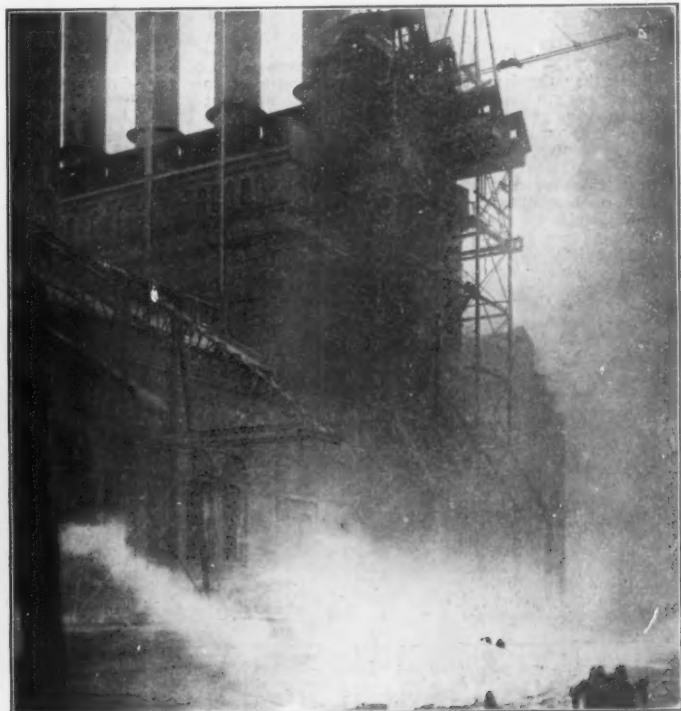
F THE CITY'S BUSINESS SECTION



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE BALTIMORE "SUN" OFFICE



ON THE RUINS OF A BANK



THE ELECTRIC RAILROAD POWER HOUSE IN FLAMES



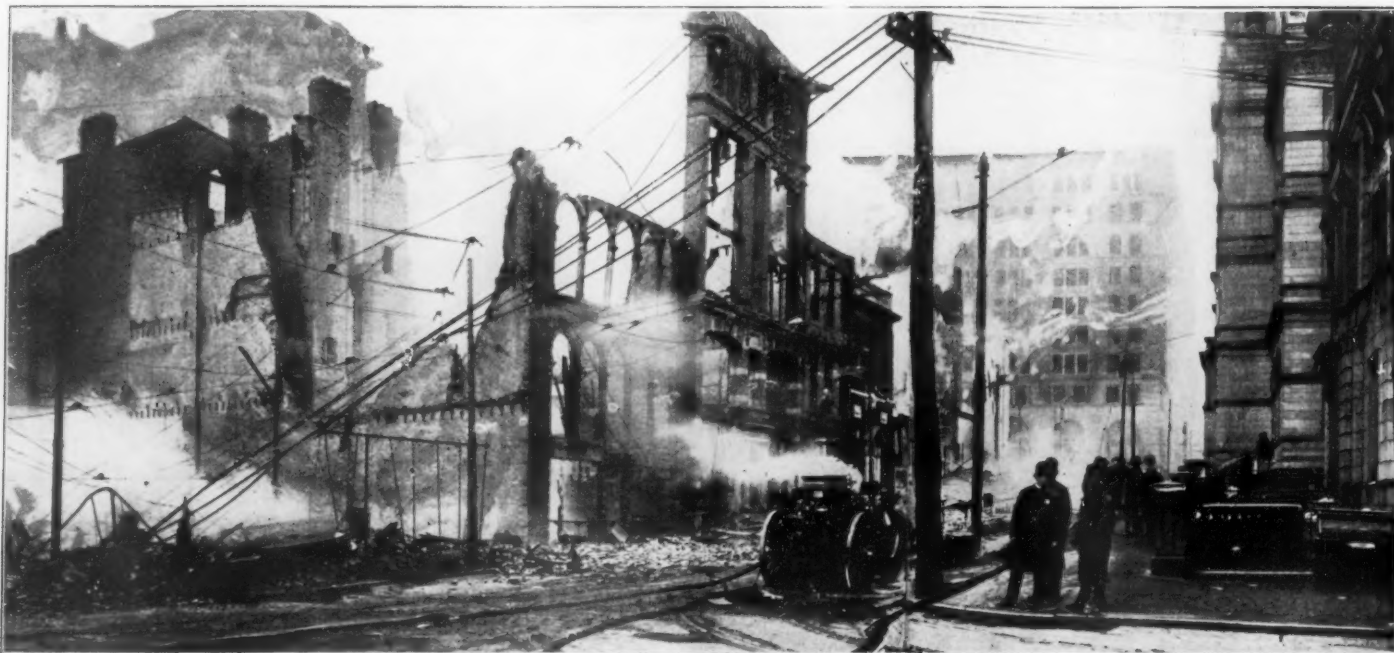
GOING ON GUARD DUTY



WRECKAGE IN BALTIMORE STREET

IRE OF FEBRUARY 7-8, 1904

PRINT IN BENDING



LOOKING WEST ALONG FAYETTE STREET,—THE EQUITABLE BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE, THE CITY HALL AT THE RIGHT

fiercer than the fiercest tropical sun was beating upon them. Late in the afternoon the cry for help was sent out to all neighboring cities, towns, and villages. But it needed no couriers or telegrams to send the news of what was happening; for the burning city could be seen for miles upon miles, its vast cloud of smoke blackening the sky. But with the call for help, engines of all kinds began to come in, and fire companies, regular and volunteer. And Baltimore's engines were reinforced by scores of other engines. It had become obviously useless to attack the fire from the front. If the wind held steady, it would burn to Jones Falls, a narrow stream to the west—and all hoped that there it would be halted. The fire-fighters drew up to the north and to the south, fighting to keep the fire from spreading in those directions—the wind made it impossible for the fire to spread to the west.

And so the darkness descended, and the conflagration pressed on, increased in fury, and appeals were sent to cities further away—to Philadelphia, to New York. By midnight the conflagration had cleared, except for ruins, a space of more than half a mile from its starting-point. And then it became possible to see the fire as a spectacle. From the high points in Charles Street one could look down upon it. A great fire in a modern city is always a tremendous spectacle, terrible, fascinating. Those who saw this fire were overwhelmed. For, except in such outbreaks of nature as the eruption of a Vesuvius or a Mont Pelée, nothing like it had been seen on earth before.

When Chicago burned, when Boston's fire devastated

sixty-five acres, the buildings were comparatively low, and the sweep of the flames was very swift. But here, the advancing conflagration had again and again to fling itself in mighty, uproarious billows against those resisting barriers of skyscrapers. And the spectator saw a vast sea of flame with the lofty lift of a black peak in its midst; and then—the transformation of peak into a volcano of fire, into a blazing mountain. And last of all, with many a piercing crack and roar, with a final awful crash like the bursting of an incredible magazine of dynamite, the skyscrapers or group of skyscrapers would disappear—not downward, but upward, in a great blinding sheet of flame, illuminating vast volumes of smoke. This awful, majestic exhibition not once, but every hour or so, each exhibition like the climax of one act of a gigantic drama.

The burning district held all the electric light works, all the main telegraph and telephone offices, almost all the newspaper offices. The newspaper men, with the fire still ten blocks away, were toiling with the windows wide, with the sweat streaming from their faces, as if it were midsummer under the Equator. And sparks in showers, borne on that fiery hot wind, came in and descended upon the very paper on which they were writing, again and again setting it on fire. The morning newspaper staffs, driven from their buildings, took train for Washington, issued the principal Baltimore papers there, and sent them back to be distributed in the untouched residential districts.

Those residential districts presented a curious appearance all day Monday. They seemed to be deserted.

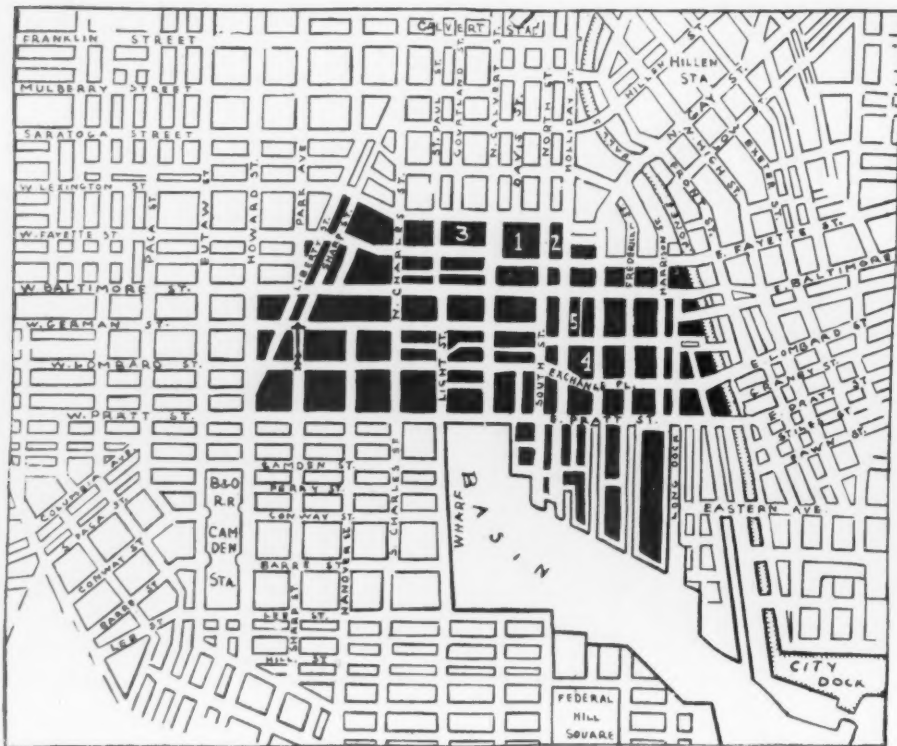
One would have said that a pestilence had ravaged the city or that its inhabitants had fled. Apparently, all was tranquil, for the fire could not be seen from there. Then, mounting to the crest of the hill, near the famous monument, one suddenly saw why residential Baltimore was so quiet. One saw and one heard and one felt. By daylight the spectacle was now even more appalling than by night. For there hung the smoke with the evil glow of the flames dancing in it; and, in addition, there was revealed the acres on acres of desolation—smoke everywhere, flames everywhere also. Again and again, from some smouldering mass, an acre in extent, would burst a horrible sound, a terrifying scattering of sparks and brands and strips of white-hot metal, and the fire would have found a vast quantity of fresh material to work upon, with the dread of a change of the wind and a consuming of the residential district.

Toward noon on Monday, a corps of engines and firemen arrived from New York. About the same time the conflagration reached Jones Falls. It had passed through and had destroyed the best part of the business district of the city—a wide swath on either side of Baltimore Street. Banks, trust companies, great wholesale houses, great retail houses, huge office buildings, millions on millions in real property, other millions in goods and furnishings, had been devoured. At Jones Falls, the fire was eating up the great lumber yards. If it crossed the little river, it would destroy other lumber yards, would attack, would probably destroy, the poorer section of the tenement district, inflicting the uttermost of misery upon thousands uncomfortable enough in the best circumstances.

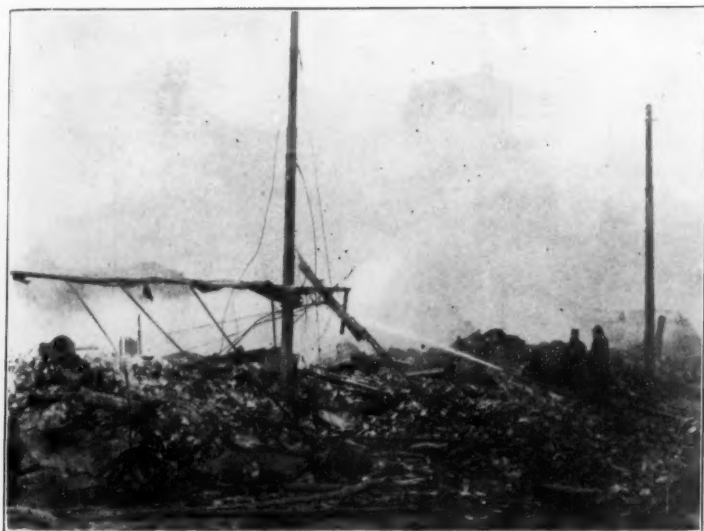
The firemen of Baltimore and its neighborhood were worn out. Twenty-four hours of ceaseless toil in stifling heat, with hands and faces burned, with eyes swollen, with nerves all gone to pieces—these several hundred fire-fighters and the several thousands of citizens assisting them had reached the limit of endurance. The freshly arrived New Yorkers were sent to the front, were given the duty of trying to prevent the conflagration from leaping Jones Falls and reducing poverty to abject misery.

For the first time in twenty-four frightful hours it was now possible for the firemen to get within seeing distance of the front of the conflagration. All the fighting theretofore had been necessarily done at a distance of about a quarter of a mile—sometimes nearly half a mile was as near to that point of flame and smoke as a man could get and remain alive. But now, with the narrow river between, the fresh firemen could endure it to get near enough to attack buildings on the further side of the river whenever the conflagration hurled a torch over into them. A few hours of this and the word went out—"The fire is under control." But it was a lively hope rather than a fact.

The two features of this fire are its tremendousness, and the tremendousness of the optimism it has roused. It is the peculiarity of the American character that the real strength and tenacity of its fibre always develop when calamities come under which the character of most peoples would disintegrate. It was so at Chicago in 1871. It was so at Boston in 1872. It was so at Paterson two years ago. It was so in the great Galveston flood. It is so in Baltimore to-day. Even as men fight the fire that has swallowed up their business they are planning how to rebuild and resume. Experts in restoration are at work. Calculations of how long it will take to clear away the ruin, how long to rebuild, are being made. And behind the anguish of the drawn faces of the men of Baltimore one can see the iron resolve, the indomitable courage, and faith, and hope. Baltimore, in ruins to-day, will be rising from its ashes to-morrow, no matter how deep or how wide that pall of ashes may be. And it will be a fireproof Baltimore, better than most cities, because the fireproof buildings will not be set in the midst of inflammables.



MAP SHOWING THE PORTION OF BALTIMORE DEVASTATED BY THE FIRE



PLAYING ON A VAULT CONTAINING \$300,000 IN SECURITIES



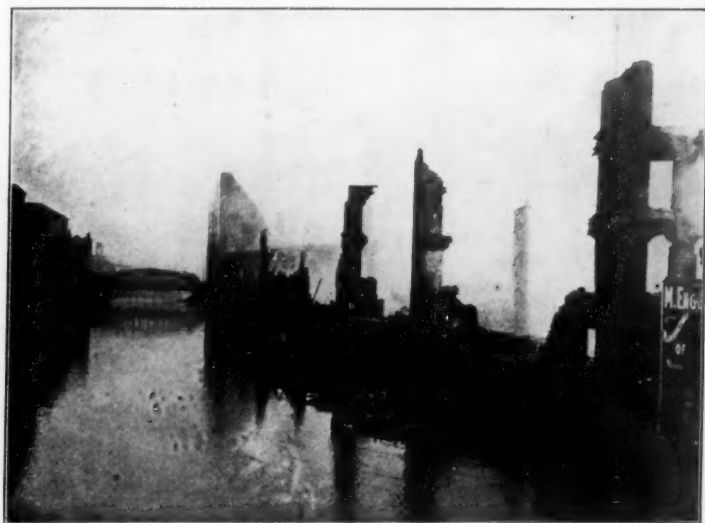
ONE OF THE WASHINGTON ENGINES AT WORK



THE STOCK OF A WRECKED GROCERY STORE



THE CENTRE OF THE DEVASTATED DISTRICT



WHERE THE FIRE WAS CHECKED BY THE CANAL



MILITIA PATROLLING THE STREETS

SCENES OF RUIN IN BALTIMORE



CORNER OF BALTIMORE AND LIBERTY STREETS, THE CITY'S COMMERCIAL CENTRE



CORNER OF FAYETTE AND CHARLES STREETS, THE RETAIL BUSINESS DISTRICT